

Oyaji Kanojo

Old Man As a Girl

おやじ彼女

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Synopsis :

Isono Tadashi is a 36 year old-guy with a stronger sense of justice than most people, but he has a plain appearance and thus never had any luck with women.

One day, a child was left behind inside the burning house, so he volunteered to rescue her and ended up jumping from the second floor to his death.

When he woke up, he was revived as a girl named Oono Natsumi who was in a coma because of a traffic accident.

Being born again as the beautiful Natsumi, he decided to enjoy this life as a girl.

Note :

The 'old man' part of 'old man girlfriend' is an adjective, just like the 'loli' part of 'loli girlfriend' or the 'yandere' part of 'yandere girlfriend'.

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Table of chapters :

Chapter 1: Death

Chapter 2: Waking up as a beauty

Chapter 3: Things a woman can't do

Chapter 4: Rich

Chapter 5: Junior

Chapter 6: Careless

Chapter 7: Bath

Chapter 8: On the bus

Chapter 9: School

Chapter 10: The karaoke incident

Chapter 11: Cheering up

Chapter 12: Reunion

Chapter 13: Bullying target

Chapter 14: The monthly thing

Chapter 15: Bath

Chapter 16: Diary

Chapter 17: Uncool Guy

Chapter 18: The Lunch Break Incident

Chapter 19: Cheer up!

Chapter 20: Lecture

Chapter 1: Death

In the way home from work, I dropped in a convenience store to buy dinner.

After I put the box filled with mixed seafood on the cashier, the part timer girl who until then was chattering asked with a clearly unpleasant expression,

"Do you want it heated?"

"Y-Yes, please."

Damn. This stupid girl! What's up with that dyed hair? Don't just blabber, do your fucking job! Are you an idiot!?

The complicated atmosphere stayed until the heating was done.

These 19-20 years old girls were staring at my appearance without any tact at all in the meanwhile.

I knew what was in their head. Most likely it was something along the line of 'bald, fat, and don't have any relation with women'.

Shit, that's exactly the case! Even today, my first and last conversation with women was that one earlier!

So what's wrong with that! Is it a bother for other people? Don't mess with me, you stupid girl!

She then put my heated dinner carelessly on the counter.

I took it and went out of the store.

"Did you see that guy just now? Hahahaha~"

Those stupid girls already scorned at me even before I went out of the store.

I could only grip my hand tightly and hasten my steps.

Shit. What's up with that. Damn it! Do your job properly, you are getting paid for that!

Why do you think it's okay to ridicule me? Because I'm bald and fat? Because I look ugly?

Or is it because I've never had a girlfriend even though I'm already 36 years old?

You girls will never have a good life! That will be my curse to you!

I walked in totter to my apartment.

When did my life end up like this?

Will it be like this until my life is over?

Somehow, I felt helpless.

My high school life was okay. I had friends whom I can talk to about stupid things, and I also immersed myself in Karate.

It was only at the latter part of my twenties that I realized that something had went terribly wrong.

My friends had their marriage one by one. I don't have a girlfriend, but I still think soon it will be my turn. Or so I wished.

'If it's me who have a steady job, I would easily find a girl and build a happy family together,' for some reason I held that baseless opinion.

However, reality was not that sweet. The cute girls at my company married one after another. Those at my company were already impossible

for me, so I had marriage meetings, but I always ended up rejected. Even when I only invited some intern girl to drink, I got reprimanded by my boss for sexual harassment.

I thought my bad luck with women were caused by my thin hair even though I was still in my twenties. So I tried to put on a wig, but nothing changed.

I'm a ugly guy, even I myself thought so.

And when I turned 30, I stopped going to the Karate dojo that I attended since primary school.

Because I don't exercise anymore, my belly also got bigger.

Ugly, bald, and lastly fat. There is no way a woman who would like myself exist in this world.

Nowadays, even the intern girls at my company had unpleasant expression on their faces whenever they interact with me.

I wonder if my face were better, my life would also be different?

Just as my heartbroken self almost arrived to my apartment, I noticed that the situation was somehow noisy.

Is that a fire? Some buildings got on fire?

Intense smoke appeared from a 2-stories house.

Violent fire could be seen from the window.

Based on the attitude of the crowd, the firefighters were still on the way. Within them, a woman was crying and shouting loudly.

"Someone please help! My daughter is still inside!"

The crowd looked at each other.

The pitch-black smoke filled up the night sky.

Anyone can conclude that going inside in this situation would be nothing but a suicidal act.

But, something inside me was unexpectedly ignited.

In the next moment, I threw away my dinner and started running to the entranceway which was covered with smoke.

It was full of smoke inside the house. My visibility didn't even reach one meter.

I lowered my body whenever possible, and with handkerchief on my

mouth, I fumbled through the first floor.

It seemed that the fire was started in the kitchen. The fire there was so strong that advancing was impossible.

"Help! It's so hot!"

I heard a voice! It was from the second floor!

I immediately run up the stairs. In the child's room, I found a girl around four years old.

"It's fine now! Come follow this uncle!"

Now I got hold of the girl, but the way back to the stairs was already closed.

So I went back to the child's room and opened the window.

The smoke rushed out when the window was opened.

What should I do? Jump down? At this height, my legs will likely get broken, and then I would be finished.

Still, if I keep hesitating, then both of us will die!

So I jumped down from the second floor while carrying a girl.

My leg crushed upon the heavy impact, and in the next moment, I got hit by a debris of the collapsing house from behind.

In my fading consciousness, I saw the woman carried the girl away.

That's great. However, this means I will be hospitalized.....

My vision went dark, and I drifted away from my body.

Chapter 2: Waking up as a beauty

When I opened my eyes, I was lying on a bed.

Is this a hospital bed?

There was a white, lifeless ceiling. And a curtain rail was surrounding the bed.

When I raised the upper half of my body, a woman with curled hair hugged me.

“Nacchan! Thank goodness! Thank goodness!”

Her age was around the same with me. Being hit by her breast felt good.

Huh? Somehow I felt strange. Was my body always this thin?

On the side of the bed, there was a man with glasses.

He smiled at me.

He was older than me, around 40 years old? He gave off an intellectual, reliable impression.

"Natsumi! You finally wake up! Otou-san was so worried!"

Nacchan? Natsumi?

Why is these people calling me that?

"Err, just wait a..."

I got surprised at my voice. What's with this high voice?

I looked at myself.

White hands and slender fingers. And also, I had breast?

I checked my nether region.

The thing that should be there was not there.

I was shocked and put my hand inside the girl underwear. It's not there!?

My partner of 36 years disappeared!

My junior who never experienced sex and was only used for peeing or masturbating wasn't there!

What the hell is this.....

If it's like this, I don't think I can go on entertain myself with soap anymore.....

The woman spoke at my surprised self.

"Nacchan, you had an accident on the way home from school. You had been unconscious for one week already. Okaa-san was really worried, what should I do if you never open your eyes again? Thank goodness you are awake now...."

As she said that, the woman hugged me again.

Mmm. She smells nice.

No, wait.

I have to confirm the situation for now.

"Um, what date is it now?"

"Nn? It's January 16th. In any case, thank goodness. You don't have to worry about anything now, just rest peacefully. Otou-san have to go to work now."

"Eh? T-Take care on the way."

The day I saved a girl from the blazing house, if I remember correctly was January 9th.

So it has been one week since then, huh?

In that case, what about my previous body?

Moreover, I was supposed to give a presentation about a project the next day.

My promotion depended upon that presentation.

"O-Okaa-san, I want to go to the toilet for a bit."

"Is that so? Are you fine by yourself? Should Okaa-san accompany you?"

"No, it's fine."

There was a cellphone beside the bed.

I took it and showed it to the woman.

"Is this mine?"

"That is right. It is your cellphone."

"Okay. I'm off then."

I exited the hospital room and walk towards the toilet.

When I saw myself at the mirror, I was astonished.

What was reflected was a beauty with shoulder-long hair and round eyes.

Her age was around sixteen or seventeen.

She looked like the teenage version of Miyazawa Rie.

"Uwaa~ So cute~"

I tried to turn around in front of the mirror.

The beauty inside the mirror also turned around.

Wait wait. I didn't come here to do stuff like this.

Does me entering this girl body, means that this girl entered my body?

To start with, I will call my company.

My first priority is to get information about what happened to my body.

I entered the phone number of the person on duty and pressed the call button.

"This is Nakazono Industry's first sales department, can I help you?"

The one who answered was an intern whose name was Kawano Eiko.

She was a girl with fluffy eyes who made unpleasant expressions even when just asking me to copy something.

"Err, can I talk with Isono Tadashi-san?"

A few seconds of silence ensued. What's with this odd pause?

This Kawano Eiko should be able to do something like receiving calls easily.

"Isono passed away a few days ago....."

"Eh? What do you mean by that?"

"I don't really know the details..... Let me get the person who knows."

I died? If I'm not mistaken, I jumped from the second floor while carrying a child, and then my head was hit by a debris from the

collapsing building. Did I really die from that?

"Hello, my name is Kuraki, I heard you need to talk to me. Pardon for my rudeness, but may I inquire your name?"

Ooh, Kuraki! My subordinate like you will certainly speak the truth about me. You won't say ridiculous things like that Kawano Eiko, right?

"Umm, my name is Suzuki. Isono-san helped me greatly before and gave me his company's phone number."

"So that's how it is. It's because Isono-san had a strong sense of justice..... Did you know him from the fire that happened in the East Ward the other day? Isono didn't manage to escape with his life after saving a five year old girl. He jumped from the second floor and his head got hit by the debris. That hit was what ended his life. It was a great loss for us all."

"I-Is that so? Thank you very much for telling me....."

I hung up the phone and just stood still, dumbfounded.

So I died.....

I can't go back to that body anymore.

Even though I still have many things that I wanted to do.

No, wait. Many things that I wanted to do?

Myself who was bald, fat, ugly, never have any relationship with a woman, and don't have anything else to do aside from commuting between home and work?

Myself who never experienced anything good in his whole life.

My ugly self who always failed to have a relationship.

I looked at the mirror once again. The beauty was looking at me.

Right. This must be the chance that god has granted to me!

If I have a nice face, my life would be better!

That's it. That must be the case!

Moreover, this kind of beauty can surely choose her partner according to her liking!

A beautiful girl who is envied by the neighborhood and wanted by every man!

Even at work, she will certainly make the customer's heart pounding!

Now if I get on a train, there is no way I will get mistaken as a molester

again!

I won't get mistaken as the criminal if I caught a thief as well!

Also, women won't leave by saying she has an errand ten minutes after introduction!

Uhahahaha! I will do it! I will do it!

I will enjoy my second life!

I will make full use of this cute face!

Just as I thought that, I was assaulted by the urge to urinate.

I stood at the urinal and lowered my pants, but when I opened my underwear there was nothing.

That's right. I'm a girl now. So I had no choice but to sit, huh.

At the same time I was walking towards the stall, an old man entered the toilet and yelled immediately upon seeing me.

"You, you! This is male toilet! The female one is over there, there!"

"Ah, I'm sorry."

I exited the male toilet and entered the female toilet.

It sure feels odd.

Well, I will get used to it.

I sat inside the stall and did my business.

I felt strange somehow. It was like something escaped right from the inside of my body.

When I stood up, the underwear I was wearing got wet.

Uwaa. So gross. What the heck is this?

I took the toilet paper and wipe my nether region.

Right. I have to keep in mind the inconveniences of being a woman.

Moreover, though I couldn't see it from above, this area was also very soft.

Afterwards, I stood in front of the mirror and fixed myself carefully.

For now, I will go back to the hospital room.

I'm not really sure about that part with the soap, but it wasn't important anyway.

Also, Japanese hospital doesn't have bathroom inside the room? How the heck do the patient bath then.....

Chapter 3: Things a woman can't do

When I got back to my room, a doctor was standing beside the woman earlier.

When the doctor saw me, she motioned me to lie down on the bed.

Then a nurse closed the curtain surrounding my bed.

I opened my clothes and let the doctor examined me with stethoscope.

The icy stethoscope touched my nipple.

An absurdly pleasant feeling ran through my body.

My body trembled slightly and I inadvertently let out a voice.

"Ah....."

The doctor made a 'huh?' expression and proceeded to use a pen light to inspect my eyes. Then the doctor said to the woman that I was fine before leaving the hospital room.

"Okaa-san was really worried, you know. Well then, let us go home at

once. The doctor said it was fine to leave the hospital in the afternoon, so let us do just that."

"Mn. I understand."

While waiting for the mother to take me away from the hospital, I rummaged through my belongings.

Information is the most important. Even though I understand I became a beautiful girl, I know nothing at all about this girl.

When I opened the bag beside the bed, I discovered a student handbook.

It seems I am a first year student at Oobori Highschool.

My name is Oono Natsumi, huh?

As I tossed out the things inside the bag to the bed, mixing textbooks and notebooks, I found a memo pad.

I turned the pages swiftly one after another and found a beautifully written schedule.

There were also photos of me with several other people, still in uniform, inside the memo.

These are my friends, huh?

It seemed there were plenty of my friends that were quite cute as well.

Ooh, I really look forward to meet these girls.

I didn't find any information other than those, so I pocketed the chewing gum on the shelves into my pocket and went out to take a walk.

This hospital looked to be pretty large.

As I walked, the male patients stealthily stole a glance at my face.

Some have indecent look, and some have lovestruck look. Guys really does look at cute girls that way, huh.

If it were my previous body, there would be nothing but scornful and despising look.

So the treatment differs this greatly if the face is different.....

When I neared the entranceway, I saw the smoking room.

I want to smoke for a bit.

I sat across a middle aged man who was sitting inside the smoking room and offered him a chewing gum.

Afterwards I made a smoking pose and asked with a smile.

"Excuse me, can you give me one of those?"

The middle aged man made a dumbstruck expression, but immediately changed to that of a serious look.

"What are you saying? Aren't you underage? Don't try things like smoking!"

"Eh, but I'm 36."

"Don't make fun of adults! Just go back already. I can't bear seeing a cute girl like you doing bad things!"

Seeing the middle aged man drew much attention, I could only click my tongue.

Just one is fine, isn't it?

On the glass door of the smoking room, a lovely figure of a girl was reflected.

Damn it. I'm now a beautiful girl.

Of course people would get mad if I asked for cigarette.

It can't be helped. Let's just go to my apartment and fetch my money as well as TASPO (Japanese smoking license) later.

I went back to my room afterwards. I searched the cupboard and succeeded to find a wallet.

There were two 1000 yen papers and a lot of small change.

With that, I walked to the dining hall where the vending machine is located.

I bought a canned coffee. But just as I opened my wallet, from the side someone put in a few coins to the vending machine.

When I turned around, there was a man around 30 years old grinning broadly.

What's with this guy? He makes me sick. I want to beat him up and be done with it.

"Aren't you cute, young lady? It's my treat, buy whatever you like."

Oh, seriously? I see, this is one of those benefits of being a cute girl.

I quickly bowed and pushed the button.

I bent my body to take the canned coffee when it came out with a clank. However, the guy suddenly caressed me.

When I looked up at him, he was observing me with a dirty look.

"How nice. Your ass is really soft. How old are you? Hey, are you a patient? Tell me your room number."

I straightened my body in response, and then spun with all my might. My left leg which I poured all my strength performed a hook kick and struck its target successfully.

Along with a thick sound, his hand turned hot in a moment.

Then I shouted at the guy who was staggering and taken aback.

"Are you an idiot! Disappear before I crush that face of yours!"

Still irritated and not yet satisfied, I threw the canned coffee at the guy who was still motionless as I walked back to my room.

The doctor's gender wasn't mentioned, but I assumed she was female because she didn't show any suspicious behavior when examining Natsumi (sort of unfair to male doctors, I know).

Chapter 4: Rich

Hmm. Being harassed like that is also part of being a woman, huh.

Well, this is a hospital so various things can happen.

I'm sure this kind of thing wouldn't happen in school.

I was looking at my face from several angles with a hand mirror when a nurse entered my room.

"Thank goodness you're finally awake. Onee-san is really worried, you know? Let me check your temperature now."

As she said that, the nurse took out a thermometer.

Uooh. She is so pretty.

A woman this beautiful is actually approaching me without any caution.

I'm really thankful that my appearance changed.

This is normal, right. Yeah yeah.

The nurse put the thermometer in my armpit.

It was a bit chilly, so I unintentionally let out a shriek.

Mn. I felt it was so cute even though it was my own voice.

"Oono-san, you're really beautiful. You must be popular at school, right? Even your skin is very pretty. Aaah, I also want to be a highschooler again~"

Uooh. No matter how I see it, this beautiful Onee-san is only 25-26 years old. To think she actually said something like that to me.....

Amazing. This got me more excited than those porn videos.

The thermometer rang just as my breathing got wild.

The nurse said that I was fine after checking the thermometer.

Regrettably, she waved her hand afterwards and walked out of the room.

No, this is good! After becoming a girl, women won't be cautious of me ever again.

While being groped by some suspicious guy feel annoying, not getting disgusted look from women is more than enough compensation.

Women was always avoiding me in my whole life ever since primary school. I'm so glad to be alive now!

Ah, I already died though.

In that case, I feel glad to have been born again.

Moreover, I'm really pretty no matter how you look at it.

I wonder what would be the reaction of my juniors at the dojo if I showed them that I have become like this? Alright, I will pay them a visit later, then.

I was reading a newspaper when the woman who called herself 'Okaa-san' came back to my room.

That's right. This is my mother, huh. What a beautiful woman.

Of course I'm very okay to have a mother like this.

"Come on, Nacchan. We are going to leave the hospital so change your clothes. Oh my? It sure is rare for you to read economic newspaper. Is there something wrong?"

Hah? Obviously it's to have a conversation with the client, that's why I

read economic newspaper everyday.

Ah, right. I became a girl. It surely is strange for a high school girl to read economic newspaper.

“Nothing at all. I just wanted to read something. Which clothes should I wear?”

Okaa-san took out a dress from the bag and handed it over to me.

For some reason the hem was fluttering.

How great. So I’m going to wear this. I’m a bit excited.

When I took off my shirt, a small yet excellently shaped breast was exposed.

Hoo. So the nipples are pink. Amazing. This is my first time seeing the breast of a high school girl with my own eyes.

It was soft and springy when I tried to touch it. Furthermore, it felt good.

It was like something ran through my spine.

“Come on, quickly put on your bra. Don’t tell me, you are going to go out with no bra? Fufufu~”

I tried to put on the bra she handed over.

It was pink and in the middle there was a small, red ribbon.

Eh? Attaching it to my breast is kinda hard. Did I do something wrong with the hook?

"What's wrong, Nacchan? Didn't I have taught properly you how to put on a bra? Just bow down for now."

Okaa-san pushed my head downwards.

She undid the hook of the bra, scooped it from the bottom and twined it to my breast, then put her hand inside the bra.

An extremely pleasant feeling ran through my body as she touched my nipple.

Amazing. So breast feel this good. This is simply too much!

Okaa-san brought my breast higher and then pulled out her hands.

For some reason my breast felt bigger than before.

I see, if the bra is this tight it's basically like using a pad.

Hrm. With this, my nipples won't feel ticklish when it get in contact with the clothes.

Afterwards I wore the dress and put on a cardigan.

I checked myself with the hand mirror. Good, it looked very fitting.

For women to be beautiful by dressing up like this, it's enviable.

No, aren't I an extraordinary beauty? Uhihi.

After bidding farewell at the nurse station, we walked to the car in the parking lot.

Okaa-san opened the door of a Lexus LS and got into the driver seat.

Awesome, so we are pretty rich? Okaa-san tilted her head when she noticed my mouth was agape in shock.

Not good. I instinctively get excited when seeing this expensive car.

After all, what I used to drive was only a secondhand car.

Damn it. Even I wanted to drive a Lexus, you know.

A leather seat wrapped my body as I sat in the assistant driver position.

Shit, what a good feeling!

What the heck with this! I worked diligently for 14 years and only got to drive a secondhand car!

Why the heck a housewife like you can drive a Lexus LS!

"Is there something wrong? You have been strange since a while ago, looking around restlessly."

"K-Kaa-san, why are we riding a Lexus? And it's new to boot."

"Why you ask, it because last year we replaced the BMW with this?"

BMW? Before Lexus was BMW? What kind of bourgeois are you guys?
Damn it!

I touched the shift knob.

Shit, how nice. I also want to drive this.....

"Ah, that's true. Because I hit my head, somehow I can't remember various things. Umm, what was Otou-san's job again?"

“What you ask, it is obviously a lawyer? What are you saying. Fufufufu~”

Lawyer!? So it's lawyer, huh.....

He sure can buy anything. Be it BMW or Lexus.

Shit. Behind the scene, society sure has caste.

After riding the car for around 20 minutes, we entered a residential area.

It was relatively near with the apartment I lived in before.

I have some familiarity with this area.

We stopped in front of a gigantic house with 4 cars in its garage.

It occupied about 350 m² of land.

We entered the house. And after passing a 5 meters wide pathway, we arrived at a ridiculously big living room.

It was huge, at the very least more than 40 tatamis.

Even the television was large. It differs by a digit with my 32-inch one.

When I saw this kind of television in the electronic store, I always wondered whether someone can actually buy it. So the people who can buy it do exist after all, huh.

No, wait. I'm now their daughter.

So these assets will naturally be mine! That must be so.

I became the elite of the society!

My face is beautiful, and I'm also an elite, it's the best!

Can life be this good? Ah, right, I died already.

"Come now, stop looking around restlessly. Why don't you bring back your luggage back to your room?"

"Umm, where is my room again?"

Okaa-san grasped my hand with a worried face.

"Are you really okay? Does it still hurt somewhere?"

"Mn. I don't feel hurt anywhere, but my memories is somehow fuzzy. I feel like I can't remember various things."

"Is that so..... Most likely they will come back to you little by little. There is no need to be in a hurry. Your room is in the second floor."

I climbed up the stair in the living room.

Stair in the living room..... so this is the so called atrium, huh.

Amazing..... what a luxurious house.

I reached the second floor and opened the door with a Natsumi name on it.

TI Notes :

I wasn't really sure about the part with the bra, not my fault I never learn how to put on a bra.....

Chapter 5: Junior

Ooh. A 12-tatami room. So cheeky even though you're just a high school girl.

Even my apartment was only 8 tatamis at most.

I looked around the room. There were posters of boybands on the wall.

Hmph. What's so good about those guys who can only wriggle their body anyway?

The desk was arranged neatly. I took out a note from the desk's drawer.

I flipped through the note and found organized, beautiful handwritings all over.

It appeared that this girl was quite smart.

Come to think of it, I'm now inside of this girl, so where is she supposed to be?

I wonder if she died when her head was hit. What a pity since she was so young.

I'm sure she still had a lot of things she wanted to do.

The curtain was mostly white except for its hem, which was pink.

The bed sheet was also pink. The pillow was pink as well.

It seems she really liked pink.

Now that you mention it, this dress is pink as well.

For some unknown reason, I started to sniff the bed.

The scent was mind-numbingly sweet.

I tried to sit on it, it felt really fluffy.

I lied down without restraint on the bed. It felt completely different from the one in my previous life.

Uniforms were hanging on the wall. Green blazer and checkered skirt, huh.

I'm sure it suited her.

I went down to the first floor. Then I departed the house after saying I wanted to go out for a bit to Okaa-san.

I hopped on the bicycle. First I want to check my apartment.

Considering that I should've died, there was a high possibility that it had been emptied. Nevertheless, I want to retrieve my bankbook, TASPO, and the hunting monster game whose rank I had fanatically raised.

When I arrived, I took out the spare key that was hidden under the things in front of the door.

I opened the door.

My room was still left as it was.

Uwaah. It stank. There was a disgusting smell from the sink.

It seemed that something had rotted.

I entered with my shoes on and searched my objectives.

Ah. There were signs of people entering and searching for something before.

Could it be my brother? Well, holding a funeral wasn't cheap, so it couldn't be helped if he used my bankbook.

Oh. I found my TASPO. Now I can buy cigarette again.

My handheld game device was also here. When I turned it on, it showed the current status.

Thank goodness. I played fanatically to get this rank 7.

Well, the things I wanted to take amounted to about a box.

Considering it had been eight years since I started to live in this room, my personal belongings were surprisingly few.

Thinking about it, I never had much attachment to life.

My money were only spent on drinking with my colleagues and juniors.

Five years ago my parents also passed away naturally, so that inclination could only get stronger.

Not to mention that my brother, his wife, and their child didn't like me as well. They are probably relieved that I died now.

I exited the apartment and moved towards the dojo that I had attended before.

The last time I showed up here was six years ago.

At that time, I even took part in the championship.

It was a period when I was seriously contemplating to resign from the company and work as an instructor instead.

However, when I knew the women at my company spoke ill of me behind my back (they called me things like 'ugly' or 'monster'), suddenly I couldn't go to the dojo anymore.

It was around 14.30 when I arrived in front of the dojo building, so there was no one in the office.

I went up to the second floor and took a peek at dojo number one.

Inside, someone was kicking a sandbag wholeheartedly. It was my junior Kimura.

For him to be here at this time, did he resign from his company and become an instructor?

Kimura is a karate fanatic after all.

In addition, he was popular with women unlike myself.

I called him out.

"Good afternoon. Is it fine for me to observe?"

Kimura stopped kicking the sandbag and approached me with a smile.

It was quite a refreshing smile. Popular guy sure is different.

"Good afternoon. Currently it's a free time. Observing the night shift which starts from 18.00 would be preferable in my opinion. So I think it would be better for you to come back at that time."

His mouth was smiling, but his eyes were not.

He inspected me from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet.

I felt disdain from his look. Right, some people occasionally challenge the dojo, and sometimes they used their friends to spy on the dojo instructors to surmise their strength.

That being said, looking at this kind of slender girl with that kind of eyes is simply wrong.

Also, I can't tease you if you're not being indecent.

"Umm, to tell you the truth I like you, Kimura-san! Please go out with me!"

Kimura's face fell into turmoil. Hihhi.

That's it. That's the kind of face I want to see.

"Eh? Even though you say that..... I have a girlfriend....."

"Huh? You have a girlfriend? Who is it! How dare you to disregard this senior of yours!"

Kimura was stupefied. Oops.

I'm now a high school girl.

I have to keep up the act.

I tried to hug Kimura. Uoh, my arms couldn't even encircle him.

Kimura was a thin guy though.

It was me who was too small, huh?

"Wa-Wait, you! Stop this!"

"Hug me! Please hug me!"

"Don't say stupid things! Aren't you still in high school? What are you saying!"

Ooh. As expected from Kimura. He is certainly an upright guy.

"Hahaha. You sure haven't changed. It's me, you know. I'm Isono."

Kimura's expression turned sharp, and he firmly grabbed my shoulders.

TL Notes :

I originally thought the dojo is located in a house like you often see in anime, but it turned out to be one of those boxing club-like dojos, huh. And dojo challengers is actually still a thing? Didn't expect that..

Chapter 6: Careless

"You..... I don't know where you hear that name, but stop making fun of adults. He's an important senior to me. I won't let you use his name to make fun of others."

Kimura fired a sharp bloodlust towards me. Scary. He sure had become strong. I probably can't win against him anymore.

"Kimura, it's really me. It's just that I'm now a high school girl. When you got into a fight with yakuza, didn't I accompany you to their office to apologize? Do you remember that time that I jumped off from the third floor when they said that was the condition to earn their forgiveness? That sure beat me up. Thankfully I was saved by the electric cable. Ahahaha.

"Afterwards, when I stopped going to the dojo, you came to my house over and over again in order to persuade me to continue doing Karate. I was happy, you know. To tell you the truth I did think to show up my face again. But for some reason I failed to do just that even until I died, pathetic huh? Since I was reborn as this cute girl though, I felt lucky instead.

"You see, wasn't my previous self ugly, fat, and bald? On top of that, I also had abnormal body odor."

Kimura stared at me as he opened his mouth, flabbergasted.

"Se-Senpai? Isono-senpai? No, that shouldn't be..... T-Then, you, do you know what store Senpai often visited with me after training?"

"Hah? Are you talking about Ocean House? Or maybe you're talking about the butt pub (NSFW) that you liked for some time? Which one is it?"

"A-Are you for real....."

Kimura stepped back unsteadily, his eyes looked around left and right restlessly.

Hihihi. It seems you're confused now. Well, that's only natural considering I turned into a cute high school girl from being a middle aged man.

I entered the dojo and sit down cross legged, then ordered Kimura to sit.

Kimura sat hesitantly.

"Kimura, I know you're surprised, but as you can see I'm doing well one way or another. Anyway, when did you get a girlfriend?"

"T-Two years ago. It's Secchan from the Ocean House..... B-But are you really Isono-senpai? You're Isono-senpai for real, right!?"

"Aah? That's true. It's me. My appearance is like this though. I even have

breast, you know? Are you jealous? Hihhih.”

“Laughing vulgarly like that..... So you’re really Isono-senpai!”

“You, what the heck do you mean with vulgar? Well, it sure isn’t refined though. By the way, do you have a cigarette? With appearance like this, I can’t freely buy one. Even though I already retrieved my TASPO from my room, I feel awkward to buy it openly.”

“Yes! As you wish!”

Kimura took a cigarette and a lighter from his bag at the corner of the dojo.

“Sorry for troubling you. Give me one.”

“Rather than one, please take it all! Everyone said you were dead. Fortunately, we can meet again. I’m truly happy.”

“No, I don’t really understand as well. It seemed to be true that my head was hit and I died. The girl I carried when I jumped from the second floor is fine though. My body got weak after that and I lost my consciousness. I don’t really know how, but I’m already in this body when I woke up this morning. She seemed to be a student of Oobori High School.”

“So that’s how it is. But Senpai, what are you going to do from now on? You can’t possibly go back to your previous life with that body, right?”

"Well, resisting won't get anywhere, so isn't it better to live once again as a high school girl? And this time, I have this face, you know? No doubt I will be popular. Are you jealous? Hihhi."

"That's true. You can choose boyfriend as you like with that face."

"Hah? Idiot, I don't swing that way. I will search for a girlfriend. Gi-rl-friend. I had never have a girlfriend in 36 years, you know."

"No, Senpai, that's impossible. No matter how you see it, you're a girl."

"Eh? That's true, damn....."

I'm an idiot. I'm now a girl. No way I can get a girlfriend. I can't go out with girls. Even though I already planned to get a girlfriend, go on a date, and doing lewd things. Should I resigned to do those things with boys instead? No, that kind of disgusting thing is out of question.

"Well, isn't it fine. I'm sure you'll want to get a boyfriend sooner a later. Rather than that, let's go drinking today. I'll also invite Itou."

"I won't want that! Shit, how could this happen. To think I was so happy having this appearance....."

"Hahaha. Senpai, you forgot you became a girl? That's just like you."

"My mind is still that of a man after all. Still, this is bad. I wonder if I'm

going to be fine at school. I don't know much about girls."

"It's fine. Just enjoy the life of a high school girl to the fullest."

"Your attitude sure had changed from earlier, comfortably saying such things. Somehow I feel depressed just thinking about that, you know."

"Well then, I better call the others immediately."

I still don't know how things work in the Oono family, going out at night would probably be bad.

I want to investigate the situation a bit more.

"No, this is it for today. I still don't know how things work in this girl's family. Also, please keep the matter of me being like this from other people."

"Eh? I can't even talk about it with the instructor? He felt really sad when you died, you know. I want to tell him that you're fine."

"Well, I will go meet him eventually. I will surprise him just like you. Hihhi."

"Senpai sure is mischievous. I'll keep quiet then. But please go to the dojo, I feel lonely if I don't get to meet you, Senpai."

"Hahaha. Keep the flattery for yourself. But well, I'll join the dojo then. It's fine for me to enter the woman division, right? However, I can't get my arms to be muscular. I don't really understand, but there's still a possibility of this girl going back to her body. That's why it would be bad if her body is messed up when that does happen, so I'm going to live just like her as much as possible."

Kimura said yes but his expression turned bitter.

"Does that mean Senpai's going to die again? I don't like that....."

"In any case, since I don't know why I got to be this way I also don't know whether I would change back or not. I think nothing will happen for now. Please take care of me. By the way, finally I get to smoke, it sure feel good."

I blew some smoke to the air, "Fuh."

Somehow my throat felt ticklish, it was like the first time I smoke.

"Senpai, don't you think smoking is bad for a high school girl? If the school find out, aren't you going to be suspended?"

"Ah? Right. That's true. It's bad for a high school girl to smoke. Shit. So no smoking for now, huh."

I pressed the cigarette to the ashtray, and the fire vanished.

Smoking after a meal feels the best though.....

Still, there is no choice but to endure.

"Senpai, please give your phone number."

"Oh, that's right."

I took out my cellphone and gave Kimura my number.

"Who's supervising the woman division now?"

"It's me. So it's easy for us to meet."

Kimura grasped my hand.

So he missed me that much. I didn't know that.

"Whoa! It's so soft! Senpai's hand is really the best!"

"Idiot, don't touch me. I'll get defiled."

I went down the stairs with Kimura after saying I want to go to the reception desk in the first floor. A guy who was going up to the second

floor looked away in surprise when he saw me.

What's with him? Am I strange in some way?

As if he could read my mind, Kimura whispered to me when we arrived at the first floor.

"Senpai, your skirt, your skirt. People can see your underwear."

I checked my skirt.

Indeed, people can see my underwear if they look from below.

"I see. I wonder why women like to be this defenseless? I can even feel the wind passes through my groin."

"Isn't it because of that fashion thing? Senpai, since you have become a girl, you should get used to it."

"Humph. That's how it is huh....."

Once we arrived at the reception desk, Kimura opened the door beside the office and went in.

Then a female clerk appeared from inside.

Uwaah..... This woman, she called me ugly in my previous life.

I don't really want to meet her.

Wearing a glasses, the plump miss Inoue came to the reception desk and handed me the application form with one hand.

"Oh, what a lovely young lady! You are interested in Karate? That's great. It's good for your body. Here is the application form. Are you in high school? We need the approval of your parents in that case."

Ooh. Miss Inoue who was always scowling actually smiled.

As I thought, people's attitude differs based on your appearance.

"Thank you for your help. I will bring the approval tomorrow."

When I walked towards the entry hall, Kimura patted me all of the sudden.

"Senpai, you don't have a Karate uniform, right? I heard from the woman division girls that they have some extra uniform."

"I see. Right, my size is completely different now. It seems I have to depend on you."

"Yes. Just leave it to me."

"Then, see you later."

I hopped onto the bicycle I parked in front of the building.

The guys around me all sneaked a peek.

Somehow, after becoming a high school girl, I knew when guys are staring at me.

If that's the case, then when I did just that on the road or in the train, they also knew, huh.....

I passed the apartment where I lived when I was a man and saw my beloved car in the parking lot.

It's been 5 years since I bought it second hand, but I didn't get many chance to ride it.

I'm sure my brother is going to sell it.

It's going to be end up on someone who'll cherish it more than me.

I felt a bit lonely on the way home.

TL Notes :

And I'm actually really against smoking from the bottom of my heart. If any of you ever get reincarnated as a bishoujo, please don't smoke. Or more like, just don't smoke. Not now, not ever.

Chapter 7: Bath

When I returned to the gigantic house, there was a girl sitting on the sofa in the living room.

She appeared to be a middle school student.

As soon as she saw me, she rushed over and hugged me instantly.

Ooh, I can feel something soft pressing my body.

This girl also smells really nice.

"Onee-chan! Thank goodness! I was so worried you won't wake up again!"

I see. So she is my little sister.

As I caressed my sister's shoulder and comforted her, my other hand was touching her butt.

When my fingers bent slightly, she pushed me aside.

She looked at me with a startled expression.

"So-Sorry. Onee-chan..... It's because the way you were touching me felt

gross somehow.....”

“Mn. I’m the one who should say sorry for touching you like that.”

My sister held my hand with a bright, charming smile on her face.

Ooh. My sister sure is cute. I only had an older brother previously, so I was always envious at those who have a little sister.

Somehow she looked like a cute puppy to me.

Afterwards I chatted with my sister, eat dinner, and then went to take a bath.

In the dressing room, I took off my clothes and observed myself in the mirror above the washstand.

A truly magnificent beauty. It really felt like I was looking at a gravure idol.

Is this girl really wasn’t a model?

A transparent white skin.

Beautiful waist with no extra fat whatsoever.

I tried to touch my body. Every part of it was neither dry nor greasy, It

was smooth all over.

To make people like my previous self and a girl this cute live on the same earth, god is unfair indeed.

.....

I entered the bathroom, its size was around 2 tatamis.

It was twice as large compared to the bathroom in my previous life.

After showering for a bit, I put on the shampoo.

Since my hair is long, washing it is very important.

With my previous body, I could get it over instantly because I was bald. But now, it would be bad if I don't rinse it properly.

I feel like I understand a little why women are so long at taking a bath.

I wonder how much I should use the shampoo?

I squeezed the shampoo bottle three times and then applied it all over my hair.

The foam was somehow amazing. I wonder if it's because I'm not greasy that the foam is like this?

Being young is great indeed.

I washed away the shampoo and began to rinse my body as well.

I applied the body soap to the sponge, and started the washing from my hand.

My arms and legs sure is long. They are really beautiful so I have to wash them properly.

I was surprised when it was the time to wash my breast.

When the sponge touched my nipple, a slightly pleasant feeling struck my body.

Isn't it inconvenient to feel this good?

You won't be able to control yourself if you get to feel that good each time you wash it.

I came to understand the gist of it as I washed.

Unlike a male body, it's not good to use your full power.

Female body is sensitive. So you have to be subtle when washing it.

I finished washing the upper half of my body, and finally moved to the lower half.

To be honest, I've never seen a girl's nether region before.

I wonder how should I wash this?

I stood up and looked at the nether region in the mirror.

It wasn't really clear from the front.

So I turned back and protruded my butt a bit, now I can see it clearly.

I see, so it's like this!

For some reason my head became dizzy from the excitement.

Not good. I'm going to see this everyday from now.

It would be bad if I get excited every time.

I continued to wash using the sponge.

Mn. I wonder if it's okay to wash all the way to the inside?

It seems it'd be painful if I use the sponge.

I tried to insert my finger inside.

Hm? Other than it felt good just like with my breast, there was nothing special. The sensation was slow, even.

What, so I was nervous for nothing?

Albeit it was soft and fluffy, it wasn't even as interesting as the breast when touched.

It seemed I had too much delusion about the body of a woman.

Regardless, be it the inside or the skin bordering it, it feels good when it get touched. Moreover, it was a bit painful when I tried to get inside unreasonably.

As I cleaned my way back to the outside, all of a sudden, I was struck by an incredible pleasant feeling.

Spontaneously, I leaked a voice like those of women in adult videos. Astonished, I shut off my mouth.

My heart throbbed violently. Both my breast and my nether region was hot.

My nipples became hard.

I was shocked. This kind of sensitivity is ridiculous.

I see. The sensitive spot was different than I thought.

It was several times more sensitive and more pleasant compared to my junior.

"Atchuu!"

My body shivered as I sneezed.

Not good. It would be laughable if I get cold from something like this.

I have to go to school starting tomorrow.

I soaked myself in the bathtub. After my body have warmed, I got out from the bathroom.

I wiped dry my body with the towel.

When my wet hair touched the nape of my neck as well as my shoulders, it felt cold.

I remembered the figure of women in drama who wrap their towel on the head.

Lets try that, I thought. The feeling of swinging my wet hair wasn't bad.

I had a proper reason for this though.

.....

When I returned to the living room, my mother Misae put a cup of herb tea onto the table for me.

For some reason, I smell a nice scent.

When I sat on the sofa my little sister came to cling on me.

Seeing that, Misae reprimanded from the kitchen.

"Now it's your turn to take a bath, Akemi-chan."

"But but~ I wanted to do it with Onee-chan~"

Fufufu. How cute. Or perhaps I should say, this is my first time being liked by a woman.

Women always avoided me ever since forever. In high school, someone even accused me of committing a sex crime.

Right. If it's Akemi, she might know about this girl's acquaintances. I'll try to ask.

"Akemi-chan, can I ask something?"

"What~?"

"Do you know the name of Onee-chan's friends?"

"Mn. I know."

All right. With this I can get to know her acquaintances.

I showed the photos stuck to the memo pad to Akemi and asked for their names.

I also discovered various things thanks to my sister.

First of all, Oono family has four members.

The father Hiroshi works as a lawyer for a major consumer electronic company.

The mother Misae is a housewife, but she was a cabin attendant in the past.

After that there is me, Natsumi.

And lastly there is my little sister, Akemi. She is in middle school and a member of the track and field club.

The Oono family is famous around the neighborhood, there is no one who doesn't know them.

It seems there used to be a headquarter of a yakuza in the neighborhood, and the Oono family led the movement to evict them.

They sure are the elites of the society.

Previously, I always thought those kind of people are unbearable, who would've thought I actually got to be one myself?

Tomorrow will be critical. I have to blend in at the school.

I fell asleep quickly as I thought that.

Chapter 8: On the bus

The next day.

I was nervous since morning.

From now, I have to attend school as a girl.

I have to make sure I don't destroy the relationship between this Oono Natsumi and her friends.

First, because of the circumstances, I don't know anything about the real Natsumi's mannerism. So let's find someone who knows her.

When I walked towards the bust stop, a tall girl with a short hair greeted me with a smile.

"Natsumi~! Geez, I was so worried~!"

If I'm not mistaken, this girl is called Mitsui Miyu.

"I'm really fine now. Sorry for making you worried."

"Both Noriko and Keiko already went on with their blind date, but you just won't open your eyes. Your mother's face was really pale, you know.

She thought you were dying.”

Miyu hugged me tightly as she said that.

Uwaa. Her breast sure is big. It’s so soft.

It felt so good.

I pressed my face to rub Miyu’s breast, causing her to let out an erotic moan.

“Hey, Natsumi. It feels good, right?”

Wow..... So I’m allowed to do things like this?

Being a high school girl is really wonderful.

I’m truly grateful that I get reborn.

“Ehehe. Err, I just want to make sure of something, what am I usually called?”

“What are you saying? Isn’t it obviously Natsumi?”

“Well, I can’t remember some things because my head was hit. When I asked the doctor, she said it’s going to come back eventually~”

"I see. You were in a coma after all. Don't overdo it, okay? It's fine to take it slow."

Miyu brushed my head affectionately as she said that.

Girls sure are kind.

I'm afraid I'll fall for her if she keep treating me this kindly.

"Natsumi, your face is red, you know? Are you really fine?"

"Eh, yeah. I'm not really sure myself."

This is bad. I accidentally lost my cool.

I have to get accustomed with this.

Since high school girls like to do skinship.

We got into the bus as it finally arrived.

I understand now, so the bus coming from the west was relatively empty.

If it was from my apartment, the bus was already full.

The gap is only 2 or 3 bus stop, but the number of passengers actually differs this much.

"Natsumi, why don't we go karaoke today? For celebrating your recovery."

Karaoke? I don't know anything other than old songs, you see. Seriously.

Well, I'll think something on the spot.

"G-Good idea. I agree."

"I knew you'd agree. I look forward for your Wallet-kun then~"

Did she really just say Wallet-kun? Is it Natsumi's boyfriend?

There is no way I can endure flirting with guys.

Though I wonder if I can get used to that.

"I-I see. So I have someone I'm going out with."

"Huh? There's no one like that. Didn't you always turn down people who

confessed to you? Somehow you always found faults with them. You also said you don't want to sell yourself cheap."

Selling myself cheap? It sounds like what a cabaret girl would say.

Could it be that I was actually a wicked girl even though I look this innocent?

Well, it's only something a high school girl said. No need to take it seriously.

"Can you please tell me in detail about my acquaintances for a bit? Somehow I can't remember one thing or another about them."

Miyu accepted my request, albeit with a somewhat appalled expression.

"You're really popular, you know. Well, that's only natural considering how you look. You also appeared in a magazine once, so even the guys from other schools often came to ask you out."

"Hmm~ Did I reject all of them?"

"Yeah. You said you aren't interested with high school student. However, you're an expert at manipulating people. Be it Komori, Moroishi, or Sakai, you flattered them skilfully so they often treated you for a meal or giving you some present. Of course, I also ended up getting treated as well. Ehehe~"

What's up with that? That's the worst!

Come to think of it, in the past I bought a 200 thousand yen bag because a girl from the same class said to me that she might want to go out with me if I buy her a branded bag.

When she dumped me after I treated her to an expensive meal once, I fell into a long depression.

This girl actually like doing that kind of thing despite being so beautiful?

I can't believe it.....

"Umm, that's a joke, right?"

"Of course not. You more or less already did it to everyone, you know? Aren't you the one who said it's a waste if you don't use your look to its maximum potential?"

Unbelievable. To think the beautiful, innocent Natsumi is actually a girl with a truly wicked heart.....

Her family not knowing anything about this means that Natsumi had a facade of being an honor student on the outside.

For some reason I got so angry that my body was trembling and I

unconsciously gritted my teeth.

"Natsumi, is there something wrong? You look sick."

I stopped myself from lashing out at Miyu with much difficulty.

It'd be bad if I destroy Oono Natsumi's relationship with her friend.

It's possible that Miyu was only exaggerating.

Suddenly, I felt something uncomfortable. It seemed that something hard was touching my butt.

Before I knew it, the bus have become packed.

Maybe it was some bag that touched me?

"Mn. I'm fine."

As I answered, the bag that touched my butt moved up and down.

Something's strange.

"Come to think of it , that guy Tanabe tried to talk with you while in class over and over again. I'm sure that he also fell for you, Natsumi."

Who the heck is Tanabe?

As I thought that, something different from earlier touched my butt.

It's a pervert. There's no mistaking it, he's touching my butt right now.

I seized his hand and turned back.

The middle aged man who was touching my butt is now looking at me, dumbfounded.

"Wh-What's with you? Holding other people hand all of the sudden, don't you think it's rude!?"

I spoke with low volume as I glared sharply at the pervert.

"You, aren't you ashamed with your age? Groping a high school girl like that...."

His face flushed, and he abruptly yelled.

"What did you say! Young girl, I won't forgive you! Get off! Get off the bus with me right now!"

What a nasty guy. Groping a high school girl and then get angry at her when she pointed it out?

I hate this kind of guy the most.

I'll teach him a lesson.

"Now just a minute there. What, you're getting defiant now? You're too old for that. I'll let you choose, get hit by me right now or surrender yourself to the police?"

The middle aged man's face turned even redder, then he shouted for some reason.

My ears feel hurt. What a troublesome guy.

In response, I hit his ears with an elbow strike.

With a groan, the middle aged man crouched down.

"Understand now? Did you think you can push your luck just because I'm a high school girl?"

I lifted his collarbone with a kick to check his condition.

The bus stopped as I confirmed that he had no will to fight left.

The middle aged man got off the bus as if he was running.

I snorted upon seeing that.

The office ladies around me all applauded lightly.

Miyu looked at me with an astonished expression.

"Natsumi, you're awesome. What was that? Is it Karate? Or something else? I didn't know you can do that."

"Eh? Really? You didn't know? I learned Karate for self-defense."

Not good. I completely forgot that Miyu's here.

But still, it was that, huh. If it were the previous me who did that, I'll end up reported to the police. The people around me would also not applause like that.

On the contrary, if it's a high school girl she'll end up being admired. How nice.

I sure am lucky to have this look.

"Teach it to me too, please. I also want to beat up a pervert!"

Oh my. It's not that easy to learn, you know.

It took me 20 years to get this strong.

But well, alright then.

"Okay. Let us two become Karate girls."

"So cool~ Natsumi, you're beautiful as well as strong, aren't you perfect?"

"Really? Thank you. Fufufu~"

Somehow I already grew accustomed at using high school girls' manner of speech.

Splendid, even if I say so myself.

TI Notes :

Okay, here's the thing. The author didn't provide the reading of anyone's name in the story (aka only kanji with no furigana). So I had to pick whatever name that sounds most fitting.

Most of the time it's no problem, there's only one possibility or the alternatives are simply too strange. But sometimes I have to randomly pick because there's no obvious choice. For example, 典子 can be read as Noriko, Michiko, Tomoko, Fumiko, Mariko, Yoriko, Tsuneko, or Tenko.

Basically, what I want to say that all names mentioned in this story are subject to change in case the author mentions them with kana in the future.

Chapter 9: School

We reached our destination and got off the bus. Then, we walked to the school.

Miyu was holding my hand.

So smooth~ Being a high school girl really is the best.

When I entered the classroom, two girls ran up towards me.

"Natsumi!"

"Thank goodness! I was so worried~!"

The girl with a light make-up, shaggy hair, and looked strong-willed was Watasaki Noriko.

Her eyes were a bit small, but she was considerably cute.

The other girl with a waist-long straight hair was Satou Keiko.

Along with Miyu who was holding my hand, the four of us are supposedly best friends.

"Ooh! Isn't this the idol of my class, Oono-san? I was so lonely without you!"

A noisy guy approached me.

What's with this flashy guy? Everytime I see people like him I want to beat them up so much.

Noriko glared at him.

"Kondou, you're being over-friendly. Please stay away from Natsumi."

Hearing's Noriko's threat, Kondou waved his hand at me and retreated.

Noriko placed her hand on my shoulder.

"How annoying. But thank goodness, if Natsumi's not here it's not fun after all. To celebrate your recovery, why don't we party today? Party~"

Miyu and Keiko glanced at Noriko, then voiced their approval.

"Right right! Let's go karaoke! Karaoke~!"

"Sounds nice. Let's do it~!"

I nodded with a smile.

"Yeah. That's right. Thank you."

Noriko was somewhat baffled.

"Eh? Somehow you doesn't really sound happy. And you don't look passionate as well....."

Of course? You high school girls are so passionate, so I feel somewhat worn out instead.

I also talked a lot with Miyu on the way to school.

High school girls' conversation sure is intense. The skinship feels good though.

Afterwards, as the four of us continued to chat, I noticed that the boys were stealing glances at me.

It seems I'm really popular.

Well, it's only natural considering my look.

These three girls are cute as well, but I'm the best by far.

A while later, a teacher entered the classroom.

When he saw me, his face turned delightful.

"As I thought, when Oono is here, the class feels much more dazzling."

The students instantly bursted in laughter.

It appeared that they like this teacher.

He should be around thirty. His face is good-looking, and he's tall as well.

He's the so-called ikemen teacher, huh?

He took the attendance and then left. At this moment, a girl who was seated beside me spoke.

"Oono-san, go-good morning. T-Thank goodness you've recovered."

This chubby girl seemed nervous when she talked to me.

I don't really know about Natsumi's relationship with other people, but this girl is my neighbor so it should be fine if I get along well with her.

"Thank you. You see, my memories is fuzzy because of the accident. Can you tell me your name?"

The girl was taken aback, she pointed a finger to herself.

My face blushed a bit as I nodded.

"M-My name is Kishida Yuuko! For me to make Oono-san have to ask such thing.....!"

"There's a lot that I can't remember. So please take care of me, Yuuko-chan."

As I said that with a smile, Yuuko's face turned red and she dropped her head.

"For me to take care of Oono-san, that's....."

"Is something wrong? Aren't we classmate? So please take care of me. Okay?"

Ooh. My speech just now is great, even if I say so myself. I also smiled very naturally.

Yuuko lifted her head and her face turned bright in an instant.

What, even though she's a bit fat, it turned out her face is quite lovely.

"I-I'm so glad! Can I be your friend?"

"Mn. Alright. More like, we're classmate so aren't we already friends?"

"S-Say, when the lunch break comes can I eat with you?"

"Mn. No problem. Let's eat together."

"Uwaah. I'm so happy!"

Hmm. So there's a girl who wants to eat together with me.

Appearance sure is important.

In my previous life, I often could only eat at my own desk because I was very busy. And everytime I do that, the women all had unpleasant expression on their face as they scattered to all directions, leaving their own desk.

I took the classes well, and lunch break finally arrived.

Though I didn't like studying when I was a high school student, it feels fairly refreshing to do it all over again.

Natsumi's note is organized beautifully.

I'm sure her grades were good.

Though there's no guarantee that Natsumi will return to this body, it'd still be bad if her grades were to drop.

And it's not like I'm bad at studying either.

As it was the lunch break, Noriko, Keiko, and Miyu brought their lunch box and came to my seat.

Were these four always eat together?

I took out my lunch box from the bag as well.

Noriko turned to the chubby Yuuko and spoke in an arrogant fashion.

"Kishida. Move aside."

Yuuko averted her eyes awkwardly before timidly replied.

"U-Umm, I also want to eat together. Earlier, Oono-san said it's okay....."

"Haa? Natsumi said that?"

Noriko swiftly shifted her gaze to me.

Gah. This girl sure is strong-willed. If this goes on, aren't the other girls gonna start paying attention to us?

"Mn. Isn't it fine to eat together with Yuuko-chan? Also, I forgot various things because of the accident, so I want to chat a lot."

Noriko seemed skeptical as she looked at Keiko and Miyu.

The two discerned Noriko's intention and shook their head.

"Oh my, too bad. It seems they don't agree. Kishida, be tactful, won't you?"

Yuuko stood up in a cold sweat, and then left the classroom.

She seemed so pitiful.

"Natsumi, aren't you cruel for ridiculing a girl like Kishida? That girl, were she to eat with us, isn't even qualified to make us look better. Ahahaha."

As Noriko laughed, Keiko and Miyu followed suit.

"Right right. She's so pitiful."

"Well, maybe it's okay if she's thinner by 30 kilograms."

"Nice one~ Ahahaha."

Somehow, these girls are really despicable.

Sure they look cute, but they were so full of themselves as they mocked the chubby Yuuko.

"We should stop talking about people's appearance like that."

Noriko's face looked bemused.

"What are you saying? If someone as beautiful as you say that, it can only be sarcasm. Ahahahaha."

"Re-Really?"

As I eat my lunch together with the three of them, I can't help but feel annoyed.

TL Notes :

I want to explain this sentence a bit in case anyone didn't get it.

"That girl, were she to eat with us, isn't even qualified to make us look better."

You see, you'll seem better in other people's eyes if you're together with someone whose look is below you. It's because people subconsciously compared the two of you and thus amplified their perception (or something like that). It's like how people with ordinary height look taller when standing beside a short person but look shorter when standing beside a tall person. Noriko was saying that Yuuko wasn't even qualified to be their 'loser'.

Chapter 10: The karaoke incident

Yuuko returned just before the afternoon class.

She looked really dejected, how pitiful.

"Yuuko-chan, I'm sorry we couldn't eat together. Let's eat together tomorrow, okay?"

Hearing my words, Yuuko turned bright for a moment, but she immediately became dispirited again.

"I-It's fine. Oono-san and I live in a different world after all...."

"Why is that so? Aren't we classmate?"

"But I look like this..... While Oono-san is so beautiful and even got featured in a magazine....."

"Huh? Didn't we already become friends? What are things like me getting featured in a magazine or your appearance have to do with it?"

Yuuko stared at me, surprised.

"What you said this morning, weren't they mean to make fun of me?"

"Hah? Although I'm ugly, bald, and often get ridiculed by people, I'm not a rotten guy who like to hurt other people's feelings."

"Eh? Ugly? Bald?"

Yuuko looked dumbfounded. Darn, I'm now a beautiful girl. I have to deceive her somehow.

"Err, someone I respected said that once. In any case, we're friends now. Alright?"

"Okay! Thank you!"

Yuuko seized my hand happily.

As she was chubby, her hands were also plump.

See, aren't you pretty cute when you smile like that?

After school.

As Noriko walked towards my seat, Yuuko bid her farewell and immediately went home in a hurry. Is it because Noriko mocked her earlier?

"Now, let's go party!"

"Nn. Okay."

Miyu and Keiko brought someone along, it was a short boy with glasses who looked gloomy.

Glasses-kun glanced at me nervously.

"Oono-san, congratulation for your recovery. Umm, can this lowly and poor-looking me go karaoke together with you....."

Keiko pushed Glasses-kun down.

"What are you saying. Didn't you mean 'please let me treat you'? You should be thankful we're willing to go together with an otaku like you."

"B-But, I want to go with just Oono-san....."

"Haa? There's no way we'll let you being alone with Natsumi, isn't it? Who knows what're you gonna do to her."

Noriko confronted Glasses-kun right on his face.

"Komori, do you still don't understand your position? Do you want to be ignored by the Natsumi you admired for your whole life? Or could it be

that you forget that you wrote her a love letter before?"

Seeing Glasses-kun being condemned like that, I felt suffocated inside.

Getting hated by women for some absurd reasons, isn't he just like the previous me?

It only seemed like he just wanted to do a favor for Natsumi.

I grasped Glasses-kun's hand and smiled.

Glasses-kun was taken aback and immediately blushed as he turned his face downward.

"Hey!? Natsumi, what're you doing?"

"Eh? Aren't we friend? Then we should get along. Umm, Komori-kun, was it? You want to celebrate my recovery together, right? Thank you."

"Eh? Y-Yeah!"

The girls were obviously discontent.

However, I thoroughly understand this guy's feeling.

It needs a staggering amount of courage for an unpopular guy to a send love letter.

Even now, he had mustered his courage to be here.

He must be really nervous that his heart feels like it would jump out, firmly resisting the urge to just run away.

I want to do something good for him even for just a little.

When I was in high school, I also sent a love letter to the girl I liked once.

With my heart pounding, I went to the back of the school to receive her answer.

But it turned out that there were some guys hiding in order to mock me to their heart's content.

Needless to say, I sent them all flying and got suspended from the school afterwards.

The five of us were inside a karaoke room. The girls were choosing their songs when a waiter entered.

We ordered the drinks one by one.

Glasses-kun asked me with his face blushing.

"O-Oono-san, what do you want? Just order anything you like, it's on me."

"Eh? I can't do that~ But okay, I want a cup of draught beer then!"

The waiter looked at me, speechless. Nn? Did I say something wrong?

Hm? Noriko and Keiko were also stunned.

A moment later, be it Noriko, Keiko, or Miyu, they all burst into giggle.

The waiter also looked relieved.

Damn. High school girls can't drink alcohol, huh.

"E-Excuse me, I want a cola."

Once the waiter left, everyone held their sides with laughter.

"So funny~ Geez, you're the best!"

"I really thought Natsumi wasn't joking!"

"Ahahaha. My sides hurt."

Glasses-kun came in contact with my upper arm.

When Noriko saw that, she kicked him away.

"Hey, you're being too close. Don't you dare touch Natsumi again."

Glasses-kun went silent after saying sorry.

Just a little contact is fine, isn't it?

It's my own body after all.

A moment later, Keiko gave Noriko a friendly pat on the shoulder.

"Right right, I called Shuu-kun and his friends earlier, they should be arriving shortly."

Noriko turned bright instantly.

"Seriously? Hurray~! That's the best! Can I sit beside Shuu-kun?
Please~"

Miyu and Keiko nodded in consent.

How should I say this. They said they want to celebrate my recovery, but

aren't that guy their real objective?

Noriko seized my hands.

"Please help me as well, Natsumi! I don't stand a chance if you're my rival after all. Okay? Please~"

I won't do that even if you didn't say anything. I don't like guys after all.

"Nn. I understand. Umm, that Shuu-kun and his friends, are we good friends with them?"

Noriko looked to be stupefied. Miyu was the one who followed up.

"Natsumi somehow lost some of her memories because of the accident."

Noriko said 'are you kidding' before accepting the situation.

A short while later, four slender guys appeared.

It seemed the Shuu-kun Noriko liked was the tallest one.

When he saw me, Shuu-kun grasped my hand with a relieved and refreshing smile on his face.

What's up with him?

"I couldn't help but really worried about Natsumi-chan. I'm glad we can meet again."

"Thank you. Umm, what's your name again? I lost some of my memories because of the accident, you see."

"Ah? Seriously? My name is Takeshita Shuuichi. Being forgotten sure feel hurt."

Noriko stared at Takeshita in fascination.

Takeshita waved his hair with his hand, as if he was conscious that he was being watched.

He seemed to be a good guy, but for some reason I felt irritated.

Everyone sang whatever song they chose for a while.

It was then a guy called Iwashiro who sat beside me suggested something.

"Natsumi-chan, why don't you sing as well? I want to hear Natsumi-chan singing AKB's songs, please~"

What the heck with that 'please~'? If you're a guy then don't be sissy.

But well, singing a song doesn't sound too bad.

Or so I said, but I don't know any song aside from those from my previous life.

I input the most suitable song I know.

My turn came up after a while.

When the title was revealed, everyone tilted their head in confusion.

Hmm. How problematic. Even though I was pretty fired up for this.

I hesitantly grabbed the mic and stood up, before slowly picking up the rhythm.

My figure that was reflected on the mirror looked to be pretty good.

The boys also started to match my rhythm somewhat.

Being a beauty sure is nice at times like this.

As I sang, I got surprised at my own voice.

It was a crystal clear singing voice, even if I say so myself.

With this voice, there's no song I can't sing.

When the song reached its climax, everyone got into high spirits.

Even though previously, every time I sing, the women always left their seat.

People's reaction depend on the person, huh.

Once the song ended, Takeshita approached me for a high five.

I accepted it because I was feeling pretty satisfied with my singing earlier, but it prompted Noriko to glare at me.

I know I know. I won't take him from you.

I signaled her that it was all right and then enjoyed myself by singing many songs.

After three hours, it was time to pay the bill.

However, everyone except Glasses-kun just left straight away.

I raised my voice in surprise.

"Everyone, wait. Your money, your money! It's more than ten thousand so we should split it up."

Noriko only giggled with an 'is that not obvious?' expression on her face.

"What are you saying? Wasn't that why we invited Komori? He'll gladly pay since he got to be together with you. Isn't that right, Komori?"

When I looked at Glasses-kun, he gave a small nod and swiftly brought out his purse.

Is it really fine? This kind of thing?

The boys also left as if it was none of their concern.

Am I the one who's strange? Is this common sense for youngsters nowadays?

Still, I can't accept this.

I sucked in some air and then shouted loudly that it startled the cash register Onii-san.

"No! Everyone, take out your money!"

Everybody around looked at me in surprise.

Glasses-kun whispered to me.

"I-It's fine. Someone like me got to be together with everyone after all, this much is....."

I threw a glance at him.

"Glasses-kun, no, Komori. Are you really okay with this? Paying for people wrapped in cheap flattery who look down on you? Furthermore, did you earn the money you have by yourself? Isn't it the money your father and mother earned by doing their best at work? If you use your money to pay here, aren't you going to ask them for more? Are you truly fine receiving their money again? What do you think? Answer me, Komori!"

As Komori was frozen, Noriko threw out a thousand yen bill on the floor and walked out in annoyance.

Everyone else also took out a thousand yen bill and left it on the counter, then walked out one by one.

I picked up the one thousand yen on the floor and handed it to Komori.

"Oono-san, if you do this you'll also get bullied! Hurry up and apologize to them!"

"Haa? I don't really care about people like them. I was enduring it since this morning. Now I feel refreshed."

"It's no good. If you make enemies with them, everyone in the class will ignore you as well, you know? Is that okay?"

I tilted my head and placed my finger on my chin.

And then I smiled.

"By everyone, do you mean you'll also ignore me, Komori-kun?"

Komori blushed and hastily shook his head.

"O..... O-O-O..... Of course I won't! Definitely not!"

"Fufu. Thank you. Look now, you're troubling the cash register Onii-san. Why don't you quickly pay the bill?"

"Ah, I'm sorry."

When he handed the money over, the cash register Onii-san grinned broadly.

"It's not really my place to say this, but young lady, you're very outrageous. It's really cool. Keep at it!"

“Is that so? Fufu. Thank you very much.”

I set out together with Komori after saying my thanks.

Chapter 11: Cheering up

Along the way to the bus stop, Komori peeked at my face a lot with his face blushing.

"What~? Is there something wrong with my face?"

"N-No, it's not that..... Thank you for standing up for me."

"It's not like I did it for Glasses-kun..... Komori-kun or anything. I only did what I think is right. Still, what a blunder. I decreased the number of Natsumi's friends. But well, it's impossible for me to be friends with people like them."

"You can just call me Glasses-kun if it's more comfortable..... W-What should I call you?"

"I see. Then you can call me Natsumi or Nacchan, whichever is fine."

"Re-Really! T-Then, I'll call you Natsumi-san! Amazing! It's like a dream come true!"

Komori looked to be so happy that his body bent to be like the kanji for nine (九).

Youth sure is nice. This uncle gonna root for you then.

"Are you really that happy?"

"Y-Yeah!"

Heeh. You like Natsumi very much, huh.

Do your best, boy. This uncle is watching over you.

As for myself, I didn't have any female friend in high school.

I envy him.

"S-Say, can I ask something?"

"What is it?"

"W-What food do you like? W-What drama do you usually watch?"

I struck Komori with a kick to his back. Komori appeared to be surprised.

"You're being too carefree! You can't get a girlfriend with that attitude, you know?"

"No, a girlfriend for me is..... Furthermore, the one I like is Natsumi-

san....."

"Come again?"

Natsumi-san? Is it me? He's talking about me? So that's how it is.

This guy likes me.

Dammit. I don't have a hobby to date boys.

He seemed to have some strange expectation of me. How awkward.

"Err, I can't go out you, Glasses-kun. I'm sorry."

Glasses-kun abruptly dropped his shoulders. His face was so gloomy as if he was burdened with all unhappiness in the world.

Gah. If you're making that kind of face, it makes me look like I did something bad, you know.

It's because I'm actually a man. Even if I said that, I'm sure he won't believe me. How problematic.

"T-That's right, huh....."

"Don't be that sad. It's just that I won't go out with anyone for now. Glasses-kun, if you're being depressed, won't you be unable to steal

glances at places like my legs or my chest?"

Komori raised his head instantly, visibly surprised. But he immediately turned gloomy again.

"I-I'm sorry. I wish I can just disappear...."

Aah, geez! You're so annoying!

I took his hand and placed it on my breast.

His face flushed, and his eyes were blinking in shock.

"Please cheer up with this. I'll let you do this just for today. I'll beat you up you ever try to touch my breast again."

"Y-Yes!"

Oh. How healthy. Thank goodness.

Do your best, boy.

"Hey Glasses-kun, tell me more about yourself. What do you like?"

"Me? I like games. And I also like going by train to various places."

Hmm. A train otaku, huh. There was also one in my company.

And if it's games it's the same as me then. I wonder what games he's up to?

"What games do you play?"

"Currently I'm playing Hunting Monster. Does Natsumi-san happen to know about it? Seems not. It even has a commercial though. But as I thought, girls don't like to play games after all."

"What's your rank? I'm rank 7 as of now, using a one-handed sword. You see, I can't do rank release by playing solo."

"Eh? Natsumi-san plays it as well? I'm using a gun-lance! I can also use heavy bow-gun! As of now I'm about rank 400!"

"Se-Seriously? Then, can you help me?"

"Of course! I'll help you anytime!"

"Uwaah. I see you as a god now, Glasses-kun."

As Komori fondled my chest, his face turned a bit red.

"If it's for Natsumi-san, I'll lend a hand anytime! I-I'm your knight after all....."

I spurted out and smacked his head.

"Idiot. You, how can you get a girl if you say such cheesy lines? Are you even trying?"

Komori looked at me as if I said something strange.

Dammit. I'm the girl now.

Somehow, I just can't get it into my head. Not good.

I cleared my throats.

"Umm, in any case, I'll pretend I didn't hear that just now. Just think of me as guy, okay?"

"Eh? A-Alright, if Natsumi-san said so. But....."

"But what?"

"Since Natsumi-san is beautiful, thinking of you as a guy might be impossible....."

I smacked his head once again.

"This guy sure is formidable. Brazenly saying that kind of thing. You should say that only to the girl you like."

"No, as I said, the one I like is Natsumi-san."

"Ah, right. Sorry."

"It's fine..... Somehow, I see you in a new light, Natsumi-san. It turned out you're quite a tomboy."

Well, I'm a man after all.

For some reason I reveal my true self everytime I get excited.

Still, whenever I see a guy like this, somehow I just can't leave him alone.

"Hmm. Do you dislike me then?"

"No, how should I say this, you're so cool! I'm awed! I also want to be like Natsumi-san!"

"Re-Really? Do your best."

We arrived at the bus stop and waited for the bus. It was at this time that my phone rang.

It's from Kimura.

"Greetings sir! This is Kimura!"

"Oh. What's up?"

"Don't say that, Senpai. Didn't you say you're going to come today?"

Darn. I completely forgot about that.

I have to submit the application form today.

"Sorry sorry. It's because my classmates wanted to celebrate my recovery, you see."

"I also called Itou today. So please come."

"I see. Then I'll go now."

As I hung up, I noticed Komori was looking at me blankly.

"Nn? The call just now? It's from my junior at the dojo. He asked me to come there."

"What do you practice, Nacchan?"

"Ah, it's Karate. I've been practicing it since primary school, so it's been about 20 years."

"Eh? Aren't you only 16 now?"

Dammit. I forgot I'm now a high school girl again.

I have to stop being like this.

"Uh, yeah. That's right. Umm, it seems I was imagining things or something. Well, it doesn't really matter."

We got on the bus that finally arrived. I alone got off at the bus stop along the way.

Chapter 12: Reunion

It was past 21.00 when I arrived at the dojo, the women division's training was long over.

Kimura and Itou were waiting in dojo number one, wearing a Karate outfit and a jersey respectively.

"Oy! Sorry for being late."

Kimura greeted me with a broad smile. In contrast, Itou was looking down on me with a bad mood.

Compared to the slender, 175 cm tall Kimura, Itou could be considered huge. He was over 180 cm tall with about twice as large body size.

As expected from a heavyweight.

"Although it appears you're the girl Kimura is taking care of, still, you shouldn't talk that way to your senior."

"I said it's fine, Itou. You'll understand after hearing her story."

"Kimura! What're you saying! Even if this is just playing around, you're still an instructor! You should establish the senior-junior relationship properly!"

“Oi oi. You sure are haughty even though you’re just a guy who borrows money from me to go to a massage parlor when he’s short of money.”

Itou shifted his gaze to me in surprise. His countenance changed immediately.

He emitted a piercing pressure towards me, seemingly offended.

“Young lady, you’ll get hurt if you don’t pay attention to your way of speaking, you know. I’m not that patient.”

“Ha? I know that. Who do you think cleaned up your brawls time and time again?”

Itou tilted his head in puzzlement, as if he saw something strange.

“What’s up with this girl? Everything other than her cute look is so nasty.”

I hugged Itou. He was surprised and flustered.

Nahahaha. Teasing these idiots sure is fun.

“Itou-san, I like you! I like you who are a muscle-idiot!”

“Eh? I’m already married. How troubling.”

"Stupid~ Stop having that lewd look on your face. Hihhi."

Itou was flabbergasted and instantly turned red.

Oho~ He boiled in a second, same as ever, huh.

"This lass! I can't take this anymore! You're getting punished!"

I separated from Itou and brought both of my hands up.

My palms were facing him, swaying slowly.

I lifted my left foot for a bit, making my lower body rise slightly, resulting in a defensive stance.

"What? That stance, I-Isono-san?"

Itou made a shocked expression as he looked at Kimura and me alternately.

Kimura made a big nod.

"Do you understand now? Why did I want you to meet her? I don't really know why, but it seems Isono-senpai's soul somehow entered this girl."

After a brief silence, Itou grabbed both of my shoulders.

"Isono-san? Is that you Isono-san?"

"That's freaking hurt. Right, it's me. I became a high school girl you like so much. Jealous?"

Itou hugged me tightly with his full strength. It was painful. What a stupid amount of power.

"I was really worried! Ahahaha, being able to meet once again, it's the best!"

Itou touched my butt. Feeling an unpleasant chill, I withdrew my body.

Then I slapped his face.

"Don't carelessly touch my butt!"

"That's hurt. Aren't I your friend, Isono-san? At any rate, you sure are cute."

"Sheesh. You sure like high school girl as usual. Still doing that although you're already married. How is your wife?"

"Yes! She's well! Akari also almost walking now!"

"I see. Even though when I saw her, she couldn't even respond or anything. Children sure grow up fast, huh."

The smiling Itou suddenly raised his voice.

"Oi, Kimura! Don't just stand around, call the instructor! Quick!"

My body trembled with a start.

Seeing that, Itou bursted into laughter.

"What was that? Isono-san, do you seriously became a high school girl? What a masterpiece. Gahahaha."

"You punk, don't look down on your senior. O-Oi, Kimura, stop!"

As I talked with Itou, Kimura already dashed to leave the dojo.

This is bad. If the instructor see the current me, he's going to faint for sure.

"What's wrong Isono-san? Don't you want to meet the instructor?"

"If the instructor know about me all of the sudden, wouldn't he faint from high blood pressure? I worry about that."

"What, so you're worrying about that? On the contrary, I think he'll be

delighted. When he came to your funeral he was extremely sad, you know. He couldn't even say anything. Moreover, since you're this cute, he'll also be delighted for a different reason....."

"Idiot~ The instructor is different from you. But seriously, aren't she cute? It seems she even appeared on a magazine. Doesn't she look like the younger version of Miyazawa Rie?"

"Gahahaha, isn't Miyazawa Rie really outdated? Young people like me wouldn't know about her."

"What, aren't you only 5 years younger than me?"

"Ooh, your sulking face is cute as well. Gahaha."

"Heh, I truly am no match for you."

A short while later, Kimura returned with the instructor.

The instructor entered the dojo with a bewildered expression, trying to digest the situation.

"Instructor! Forgive me for the failure of not contacting you!"

The instructor was astonished and looked at me, then Kimura and Itou

alternatively.

"Instructor, it's Isono-senpai. He became a high school girl and came back."

"Instructor, just as Kimura said, I don't really know why, but this high school girl is Isono-san!"

"Instructor, I'm sorry. I also don't really understand, but somehow I turned to be like this after I died while saving a child."

The instructor said "ooh" and grabbed my shoulder.

"Isono, so you're Isono! You have changed so much! This rascal, you're so pretty now! Ahahaha."

"Instructor, you believed what I said?"

"How could I not believe my disciples? They unanonymously said that you're Isono. There's no doubt about it. Besides, there's no mistaking your atmosphere. You're really Isono."

"Thank you very much for believing me."

"Good grief, why didn't you immediately come to the dojo after turning into a girl? I was really troubled, you know."

He was certainly worried, huh. But I can't really say I didn't want to come because the clerk was always cold to me.

"I'm very sorry. Please let me join again."

"I see. You guys are all so glad, huh. How about I treat you all to a drink today?"

"Yes sir! Please do!"

We went to a familiar bar.

Itou made the order.

"First of all, three draught beers and a cup of oolong tea, please! Also, a good snack to accompany them!"

Hmm? Is there a tournament around the corner? For whom is he ordering the oolong tea for?

"Oi, Itou. Who is drinking the oolong tea? Is it you?"

"What're you saying, Isono-san? Isn't it obviously for you?"

"Haah? Me? Why?"

Both the instructor and Kimura nodded.

"Isono, aren't you a high school girl now? Then since you're a minor you can't drink alcohol."

"Se-Seriously....."

Though I became jealous of them who can get drunk, I'm still thankful for this joyous reunion.

As we chatted happily, my phone rang.

"Ah? It's from my house."

The slightly red instructor looked at his wristwatch.

"It's almost 22.00! Of course your parents are worried."

Is that so? Dammit. For a girl, contacting her home is a must.

When I answered the call, the sullen voice of my mother could be heard.

"Nacchan, where are you going at this hours? Go home immediately!"

"Sorry. To be honest, I want to take up Karate so I went to observe. But

then I forgot to call."

"Karate? Why so suddenly? Anyway, Otou-san is going to pick you up, so tell me your location."

I glanced at the instructor and he gave a big nod.

"Currently I'm in a bar called Gyoka in front of the station."

"A bar? What are you doing in such a place?"

"Err, I'm eating together with the instructors. Sorry for not calling."

"At any rate, Otou-san is going immediately, so just wait there."

When I hung up, Itou smiled teasingly.

"Oho~ what a sheltered girl~"

"What're you saying, Itou. Isono-senpai is in a trouble. We have to play the part now."

"Kimura, don't fuss over such trifles. Don't we have instructor Yamashita here? There's nothing to worry about. Right, instructor?"

"Yeah. Just let me talk with the parent. It should be fine if I say I invited her to a meal."

When the clock turned 22.00, the door of the bar was opened, and my father Hiroshi came in.

He seemed to be angry.

"Otou-san, I'm sorry for not calling."

I said that while bowing my head to take control of the situation before he can scold me. As the result, he turned silent.

It appears that he was swayed by his daughter's cuteness.

Seeing that, the instructor started to speak.

"Aren't you Oono-san! So she's your daughter. Please forgive her for not calling you. Since we are the ones who invited her to a meal unreasonably."

"Ah, no. Were I know it was with Yamashita-san, I won't be troubled."

What, so Hiroshi and the instructor are acquaintance.

If that's the case, this should be easy.

"Otou-san, can I learn Karate? Pretty please~?"

"If you really want to learn, then Otou-san won't mind. Moreover, I have no worry if it's Yamashita-san's place."

"Yay~! I love you, Otou-san!"

Hiroshi turned awkward when I hugged him.

Kimura and Itou were laughing. You guys really should stop. What if he found out?

I emptied my cup in one gulp and then went home together with Hiroshi.

Chapter 13: Bullying target

The next day.

I walked towards the bus stop with a bright mood when Miyu approached.

"Natsumi, you did a really terrible thing, you know!? Do something about it quickly!"

"Eh? What terrible thing?"

"Noriko was really angry about yesterday, she said she gonna make you get ostracized! When you get to school, you should swiftly apologize to her or else....."

Ah. Yesterday's matter. Then, I won't apologize.

Since I did nothing wrong.

"Isn't that fine? If she do that then she's not really a friend. Miyu too, are you going to ostracize me as well?"

"What are you saying. Aren't we friends since middle school? No way I'm going to abandon you."

Hmm. Is that so?

Considering that yesterday she chose to follow Noriko.

Well, perhaps she was just afraid of her.

Kids also have hierarchy in their small world after all.

"I see. Thanks. Well, when we arrive at school, I'll try to talk with Noriko."

"Is it really fine being that carefree? If you make enemies with Noriko all the girls are going to be against you, you know? Just send her a message on LINE right now!"

LINE? Ah, that chat thing, huh.

I don't know how to use it though.

I took out my cellphone to do as Miyu said, but then my hand stopped.

"What's wrong? Just quickly apologize."

"I don't want to. Since I did nothing wrong."

"Geez! Even though I'm really worried about you! You're going to get bullied! Are you really fine with that?"

"It's fine. I'm already used to be despised by women after all. Getting stabbed on the back by people I considered a friend does feel hurt though."

Miyu tilted her head when she heard my words.

Seeing that I have no intention to budge, she didn't say anything else after that.

In the classroom, Yuuko greeted me when I put my bag on my desk.

This girl is really plump. Rice sure is tasty.

My body now has a small stomach, making me unable to eat much, so I'm jealous of her.

"G-Good morning, Oono-san."

"Good morning. Calling me by my first name is fine, you know. That guy Glasses-kun, umm, or was it Komori? He also call me Natsumi-san. Just call me Natsumi or Nacchan, whichever one you like."

"Y-Yeah! Then I'll call you Nacchan."

Ohoho. Somehow I also feel glad seeing her being that happy.

Well then, I should visit Noriko now.

I went to Noriko's seat just like that.

Noriko casted her eyes away to the window after glancing at me, visibly sullen.

Keiko who was beside her also made the same expression.

"Noriko, good morning."

"Have you reflected for a bit? I'll forget about yesterday's matter, so just apologize first."

Gah. What a high-handed girl.

Does she think everyone is going to obey her just because she's a bit cute?

This uncle disagree.

My justice won't allow that.

"You're the one who should apologize. Go apologize to Glasses-kun now. I'll forgive you then."

Noriko made a surprised expression for a bit before turning angry.

"Are you sure? Saying that to me, even if you regret it I won't care anymore!"

"Heeh. I see. I look forward on seeing what you can do. Well, I don't intend to do anything, but don't even think to use violence. You'll only get hurt."

Noriko struck her desk with full force upon hearing my words.

"What did you say! Don't get carried away just because you're a bit pretty!"

"Come again? I don't think I get carried away or anything. Farewell."

When I returned to my seat, Yuuko worriedly questioned me.

"W-What happened? You got into a fight?"

"Mn? It's nothing to worry about. Someone just got offended for no reason."

"That's really bad..... Offending Watasaki-san means you're making enemies with all the girls, you know?"

"All the girls? Glasses-kun also said the same thing, but does that mean Yuuko-chan will also become my enemy?"

"No way. In the first place, I'm already on the side of being bullied..... But, I can't bear to see Nacchan getting treated like that as well....."

Yuuko sure is kind. Just like her name.

She'll certainly get popular if she slim down a bit.

Do your best, girl.

"Thank you. But it's fine. I'm good as long Glasses-kun and Yuuko-chan is on my side. I don't need such fake friendship. My ears hurt everytime I talked with those girls. Ahahaha."

Since then, I became a bullying target for the girls.

They block my way when I want to go to the toilet and hide my gym uniform so I can't go to the physical education class.

They also gossiped about me openly.

Uwaa. Girls sure are vicious.

At lunch break, Glasses-kun came to my seat.

Seeing that, Noriko and the others started to whisper something.

"Natsumi-san, it's my fault isn't it? If only I paid it all at the karaoke....."

"Didn't I say it's not your fault? I'm okay, so stop being worried."

Yuuko showed a concerning expression as she opened her lunchbox.

What an amazing amount of food. It was a 2-layer A4-size lunchbox.

Even the previous me couldn't eat that much.

"It's not okay. When it's physical education class, you can't find your uniform. And you can't even go to the toilet on this floor, right? You should talk about it with a teacher."

"This much is fine. I'm already used to be despised by women."

"Eh? Nacchan, weren't you always the center of attention? You were admired by everyone and despised by no one."

"Ah, err, mi-middle school, right, I was bullied in middle school."

Both Komori and Yuuko were surprised.

"Is that true? Natsumi-san was bullied just like me? Even with that appearance?"

"Well, how should I say it, it's because of this appearance that I got bullied. They thought I was getting carried away just because I'm a bit cute."

"So that's how it is. Don't worry, Nacchan. I'm your friend no matter what!"

"Thank you. By the way, that fried chicken seems to be delicious. Can I have one?"

Hearing my praise, Yuuko concealed her lunchbox from embarrassment.

After that, she resolved herself and presented her lunchbox to me with her hands trembling.

"O-Okay. Since it's Nacchan, I'll share."

Uwa. She is very attached to her food, huh.

You shouldn't share if you're going to make that face.

"On second thought, maybe not. I've already enough for today."

"Are you sure? I'm really fine sharing my food! But if you don't want to then it can't be helped."

"Natsumi-san, can I eat together as well?"

Yuuko gave a nod when I looked at her.

"That's fine. Let's eat together."

"Hurray. I'm going to buy a bread in the canteen then."

When Komori turned around, there were several sturdy guys already standing by. Noriko and Keiko were there as well.

"Oh my. Someone who was expelled from our group get together with her fellow bullied kids. Are you playing friends or what?"

Both Yuuko and Komori lowered their head, turning despondent.

I ignored them and spoke to Komori as I eat.

"Glasses-kun, you should buy your food quick. Lunch break is going to end."

"Y-Yeah."

One of the guys tripped the hurrying Komori.

Komori fell down in a somersault.

"Oh my, how pitiful. It must be because you're friend with Natsumi. Kishida, Komori, from now on, you should absolutely not associate with Natsumi anymore, alright?"

Yuuko's shoulders shivered when she heard my name.

She was scared, huh.

She must be feeling helpless as well.

I'm the one who's being obstinate, so they shouldn't get caught up in this.

I put down my chopstick and stood up.

Then I approached Noriko.

"Aren't you only displeased with me? Then don't involve others."

Noriko lifted her eyebrows.

"Now now, aren't you being spoiled! Hashimoto, make her understand!"

The sturdy guy besides Noriko hesitated, causing Noriko spoke again relentlessly.

"Didn't you hear me? If I tell my papa, our business with your place will be stopped, you know?"

Haah. What a dreadful girl. Using her father's authority to force others.

Hashimoto put his hand onto my shoulder.

I rotated my body smoothly and suppressed his hand.

Hashimoto let out a painful scream.

I glared at Noriko.

"Oh my, didn't I warn you to not use violence earlier? I wonder if you already forgot?"

"What are you doing! Maeda, Kuriki, take care of this stupid girl quickly!"

I let go of Hashimoto's hand and made a distance.

My current weight is at most 42 or 43 kilograms.

I can't escape if a guy grapple me.

Making use my opponent attack would be ideal.

I took a stance, preparing to counter my opponent.

Maeda tried to seize me.

I lowered my body and hit his chin with my palm heel from below, utilizing his own power.

Maeda's mouth was forcibly closed, causing him to crouched down.

Continuing, I kicked the approaching Kuriki on his knee.

Then I did an elbow strike as he was holding his knee in pain.

Hashimoto who was gripping his shoulder looked at me with eyes full of surprise.

I advanced three steps and did a reverse thrust at his muzzle.

After confirming the three of them had lost their will to fight, I advanced towards Noriko.

Noriko stepped back and her face became stiff.

"Noriko, understand? Don't concern yourself with me anymore. You're only embarrassing yourself."

"S-Shut up! I'll remember this!"

Noriko gave a sharp parting remark and left the classroom together with Keiko.

I returned to my desk and took out a tissue.

Then I handed it over to Hashimoto who was grasping his nose.

"Here, you have a nosebleed, so use this."

Hashimoto accepted the tissue and murmured "thank you" with a low voice.

Continuing, I put my hands on Kuriki's shoulders and said sorry before going towards Maeda.

Maeda was grimacing, and when he opened his mouth, a cracked front tooth could be seen.

"Ah, forgive me for cracking your tooth. Please go to the dentist to get it fixed."

"Y-Yes....."

Maeda's face turned slightly red.

I waved my hand toward the three of them as they returned to their seat.

Chapter 14: The monthly thing

Yuuko asked me with an astonished face.

"Why? Why did Nacchan able to do something like that?"

Komori made a proud expression as if he was the one being complimented.

"Natsumi-san practiced Karate ever since elementary school. That's why things like just now are just a piece of cake for her."

"Heeh. So that's how it is. So cool~"

Ooh. I get to be called cool.

Even though, previously if I showed my Karate I only got called things like savage and such.

"I could bend a coin with my previous body, you know. But currently it's impossible."

"Previous body?"

"Ah, no, just talking to myself. The person who taught me Karate can

bend a coin."

"Heeh. Nacchan is really awesome~ You're not just beautiful."

"Right right, I can even kick up my feet over my own head. Considering the size of my stomach, I do pretty great."

Yuuko dropped her shoulders after looking at my abdomen and then looking at hers.

"Is that sarcasm?"

"N-No. I-I was fat in the past. I persevered through the diet and finally obtained this figure."

So dangerous. I forgot to act like my current self because we're talking about Karate.

I have to pay attention.

"I see. I wonder if I practice Karate like Nacchan, I can also get slim?"

"Yuuko-chan is cute enough even if you don't lose weight though."

Yuuko's cheeks turned red.

Fufufu. Aren't you cute?

"I feel that it's not just a flattery since Nacchan the one saying it. Thanks."

"No no, no need to thank me. Since I also got to see the way Yuuko-chan eat. I want to follow your example now."

"Do-Don't do that! Nacchan has to stay slim!"

We chatted for a while after finishing the meal.

My abdomen felt somewhat uncomfortable.

It felt stiff and slightly painful.

How odd. A stomachache? I didn't eat anything strange though.

"Ah, I need to go to the toilet for a bit."

"Okay. I'll go as well then!"

Following Yuuko, Komori also spoke.

"T-Then, me too!"

Both Yuuko and I scowled at him and he sat obediently in response.

I went together with Yuuko to the toilet and entered a stall.

Once I lowered my panties and sat on the closet, something started to drip down.

When I looked at the closet, it turned out to be blood.

Period, huh.

Yikes. What should I do about this?

I got flustered and fell into a panic, and with my panties still lowered I opened the door slightly.

Yuuko greeted me with a sweet smile.

"Nacchan, what's wrong?"

"You see, err, pe..... pe-pe-pe-pe-period! It's my period! What's the best thing to do? Hey, what should I do?"

Yuuko stared blankly at me before saying "yes yes" and handed over a sanitary napkin.

"You forgot to bring one, right? You can use that."

"Thank you! Yuuko-chan, you're the benefactor of my life!"

"You're exaggerating. Now, if you don't do it quick isn't your uniform is going to get sullied?"

"Y-Yeah."

Uh. I don't know how to put on a sanitary napkin.

Can I just unfasten the tape and put it on?

When I put the tape on my panties, the wings got in the way and I can't put in my legs.

Am I supposed to break the inner part? No, the outer part? Which one is it, I don't understand.

I opened the door slightly once again and called Yuuko.

"Yuuko-chan, how am I supposed to wear this? Because of the accident I somehow can't remember."

Yuuko said "eh?" and showed a surprised expression.

She politely took care of the half-way done sanitary napkin.

Still doing this even though she had to touch other people's panties, Yuuko really is kind.

"Alright. It's done. If you're still in pain, I have a medicine, do you want it?"

"No. I'm fine. Thank you."

I shut the door and put on my panties.

I see, so it's like a mini diaper.

Having to dry after using the toilet, as well as having to put on this kind of thing when their period come. Women sure have it rough.

Yuuko was giggling when I came out of the stall.

"What's wrong? Is the way I wear my panties strange?"

"Honestly, when I'm with Nacchan, sometimes I get the feeling of being with my Onii-chan. When I was in primary school, my menstruation started when I was going out with Onii-chan, he was really troubled and made the same expression as Nacchan did earlier."

"I-I see. Your Onii-san was also troubled, huh."

"My Onii-chan is 10 years older than me and practiced Judo, so he's huge. Naturally, he doesn't resemble the slim Nacchan in the slightest, but the two of you somehow give off similar reassuring feeling. It's truly a mystery."

10 years older? Then he would be 26. Still 10 years younger than me.

Being told I give off identical feelings with someone 10 years younger....

I feel a bit complicated.

"Could it be that your Onii-san is bald?"

"Eh, yes. How did you know?"

"N-No, for some reason or the other...."

I returned to the classroom rather depressed.

The afternoon classes went on without a hitch, but the classroom was enveloped in a delicate atmosphere.

The girls were looking at me with a somewhat afraid yet somewhat resentful eyes.

Whichever one is it, the problem is that they also looked at Yuuko and Komori with those harsh eyes.

Even though I'm fine, those two are not.

I'm sorry for getting you two involved in this strange situation.

After the school, Komori came to me.

"Hey, do you want to raise the rank? I brought it."

"Oh, seriously? Aah, dammit. I didn't bring it."

Someone suddenly pushed Komori, causing him to fell forward.

When he turned his head around in surprise, the girl who pushed him only said "you're on the way" and went on to go home.

"HEY! WAIT!"

When I stood up, Komori patted my shoulder.

"It's fine. I'm already used to this."

After that, a guy kicked Komori's ass from behind and left while laughing.

"HEY! YOU!"

"I said it's fine, Natsumi-san. I get treated like this as well in elementary and middle school."

"Are you really okay with that? Are you truly fine with being made a fool of and kicked by others?"

"I'm not fine..... However, if I strike back, they'll only get even more cruel."

"If that's the case, then get stronger. Strong enough to not get bullied at least."

"I can't! Isn't it impossible for someone like me to become like that? Enough of this!"

He rushed out of the classroom.

"What's with him?"

Yuuko pulled my sleeve.

When I turned around, she shook her head.

"Nacchan, you can't say things like that. It's bad to drive him into the wall."

"Bad? I don't think I said anything wrong."

"That's because Nacchan is strong. Not everyone can be strong like you. I really understand Komori-kun's feelings since I also got bullied."

"Hmm. I guess that's how it is."

Coming out of school, my chest felt somewhat pressured, but I head out to the dojo without calming down.

Chapter 15: Bath

When I arrived at the dojo building, Itou was chatting with a clerk girl at the office.

She was someone I secretly had a crush on, Sasaki-san.

Even when she was speaking ill behind my back, I still gave her a souvenir from my business trip, but she swiftly threw it away to the garbage box.

I couldn't endure it and stopped going to the dojo.

Now, my mind was in an uproar when I saw her.

She was the one who made me felt depressed and heartbroken.

Itou found me and instantly rushed over.

"Iso..... oops, I should call you Oono-san. Are you going to practice? I can accompany you."

"Ah, I just want to work up some sweat. Is the dojo empty now?"

"Yeah, dojo number two is empty around this time. Use it as you like. I'll

go there after taking care of the general division students for a bit."

"I'm fine alone. Just take care of them properly. Aren't you an assistant instructor now?"

"Well, that's true. Though in fact, it's a position that should've been filled by Isono-san."

Sasaki-san was smiling sweetly as she came from Itou's rear.

I felt a stab in my chest. It was painful to look at her face.

"Itou-san, who's this? What a beautiful young lady."

"Aah, this is Oono-san who just joined. She's strong though. Very talented."

"Heeh. Ah, I'm Sasaki. There's rarely any strong woman in here, so do your best."

"Y-Yes..... Excuse me."

I flat out refused to look at her face and went towards the staircase as if running away. My destination was the dressing room at the second floor.

Even though it was something from many years ago, I still couldn't handle it.

That time, I got my hope up just because she was a bit nice to me. But then she called me disgusting in response. And only from that, I quit Karate, the only thing which I've devoted my life into.

I opened the locker which was prepared for me in the dressing room.

Then I changed into the Karate uniform given by Kimura.

That idiot, he gave me a black belt.

Isn't it obvious other students gonna think it's strange?

I went to the dojo number two and started warming up.

As expected from a woman's body, it's soft.

If it's like this, my high kick would have no real power.

I practiced a thrust technique over and over.

The fluttering sound of my Karate uniform reverberated in the quiet room.

How many times I was saved by this sound I wonder?

When I confessed, and being dismissed as a joke because of my face.

When I got mistaken as a molester, and was restrained by the police for 4 hours.

When I went for a marriage meeting, and was rejected the moment we met.

This sound always saved me.

This feeling was what made me able to keep moving forward.

When I finally calmed down, I suddenly realized something.

Komori too, when I told him to get stronger, must be feeling the same with me just now.

Surely he must be feeling helpless, as if falling into an abyss.

But I didn't try to understand his bitterness, and instead only pushed my own selfish thoughts.

I was just like those guys who bullied him.

Even when saying I'm his friend, all I've done is driving him into a wall.

I went home one hour later, feeling lost and depressed.

"I'm home."

When I arrived at the living room, Okaa-san who was sitting on the sofa and stretching her legs said "Oh my, my" and came to caress my hair.

"Your hair is really disheveled. Moreover Nacchan, you are stink of sweat. How about taking a bath?"

I didn't check with the mirror earlier after all.

As a girl, I should've pay more attention to my appearance, huh.

Do I stink though? I raised my arm and tried to sniff my armpit.

"Hey, what are you doing? You are like a middle-aged man, you know. Fufufu."

"Eh? R-Really? I'll take a bath then."

Hmm. I unintentionally acted like my former self.

Since I know my body odor wasn't normal, I often checked whether I stink or not.

It would only be strange if I do that now, huh.

As I was washing my head, the door to the dressing room was abruptly opened.

"Onee-chan! I'm coming in!"

"Eh? W-Wait!"

Akemi quickly entered and showered herself with the hot water.

I stole a glance at her and blushed.

I've greatly grown accustomed to my own body, but the stimulus given by the naked body of a middle school girl was simply too much.

No, I'm not exactly a lolicon.

I'm definitely a mature adult!

Calm down, calm down. That's right. I'm now a high school girl.

It's not something that turn me on. Aren't I only bathing together with my sister?

I also have breast, after all.

So right now I have nothing to be excited about.

I showered and applied the shampoo, and gradually calmed down.

As I continued to rinse my hair, Akemi touched my back.

I turned around with a start.

"W-What?"

"Onee-chan's skin is really smooth, how nice. My kneecap is so dry~"

Akemi swiftly raised her legs. Gah. Isn't her important place visible?

What're you doing! Aren't you a girl!

Blood rushed to my head once again. And as I thought I had a snivel in my nose, what dripped to my hand was red blood.

"Kya! Onee-chan, you have a nosebleed, nosebleed!"

Akemi left the bathtub, opened the door and called her mother.

"Okaa-san! Onee-chan has a nosebleed!"

"W-Wait, Akemi! Don't exaggerate things!"

Okaa-san came in a panic and examined my face.

"Are you fine? Is your head hurting? Aah, what should I do? I will immediately call the ambulance!"

"I-It's fine! I'm just a bit dizzy!"

As Okaa-san looked at me worryingly, I nodded to assure her. She finally let out a breath.

"Geez, don't frighten me. I thought it was an after-effect of the accident. Well, just take it slowly now."

That's right. Natsumi was in a coma.

It's natural for her to worry over a nosebleed.

My stopped hand moved once more, and as I continued rinsing my hair, Akemi clung to me from behind.

My back was pressed by the soft fair skin of a middle school girl.

"H-Hey, Akemi, what're you doing?"

"Onee-chan, forgive me for making a fuss. Let me wash your back, okay?"

"W-Wash my back?"

I'm going to be touched by the bare skin of a middle school girl?

Isn't that a crime!

No, I'm now a high school girl. Moreover, she's my sister.

It's necessary to get used to woman's body.

.....Or not. I'm a mature man after all.

Even though I became a high school girl, I'm a man.

As I thought, deceiving a girl who doesn't know anything is bad.

"Akemi, things like that are for the boy you like..... wait, oi!"

Akemi didn't bother with my reply and dripped the body soap onto the

sponge, making it bubbled.

Akemi asked "What~?" with an adorable smile before proceeding to wash my back.

Well..... Isn't this fine?

Ah, right. I have to start a conversation.

"H-How about your school? Are you studying properly?"

"I do~ I'm not smart like Onee-chan though~"

"I-I see. If you don't study properly you're going to regret it in the future. There are also people who say that academic skills wouldn't matter, but there is no choice but to do it if you want choose the job you like. For that reason....."

"Somehow, Onee-chan is talking like Otou-san....."

When I turned my head, Akemi was puffing her cheeks.

That's right, huh. A girl her age wouldn't like talking about things like this.

I unconsciously acted like a middle-aged man again.

"Sorry sorry. I'll stop. How about your friends? Are you getting along with them?"

"Yeah. But but, that girl Kon-chan is really the worst. Despite it's the day of my match, she went to the Rasch's concert. Even though she knew also wanted to go, she broadcasted it on LINE. She was just bragging."

Rasch? That idol group who wriggle their body?

I wonder why women love that kind of thing.

"Yori and Mussan got angry as well, the others also ignored her. That's why I won't forgive her until she apologize."

Oh my, so she's also bullying others. Well, she's around that age after all.

"Akemi, she wasn't bragging. Didn't she only want to let all the others who couldn't go to the concert feel the atmosphere even for just a bit? Have you talked about it with Kon-chan?"

"No, I haven't."

"We can't understand other people's feelings unless we ask. So isn't it useless to quarrel over such matter?"

"I wonder~"

"Onee-chan think so at least."

"Okay. Since Onee-chan said so, I'll try talking to her. Right, it's done. Now it's my turn."

"Eh? A-Akemi wants to be washed by Onee-chan?"

"Of course? Quick quick~"

I awkwardly manipulated my hands to wash Akemi's back.

Calm down. I'm not a lolicon. It's impossible for me to get sexually excited over a middle school girl more than 20 years younger than me.

I let out a deep breath as I scrubbed her back.

My head gradually cleared as I focus my mind to the point below the navel.

Good. No matter how much I've no luck with women, I wouldn't even think to lay a hand on a girl like this.

Still, her butt is so tender, how cute. She'll get mad if I try to get a feel though. I should stop.

"Alright. Now to wash it."

When I poured the hot water over Akemi's back, she suddenly turned her body around.

Isn't that going to make your chest and nether region perfectly visible?

Shouldn't a girl refrain from doing such things!?

"Onee-chan, do my front too~"

"The front too? C-Can't you do it by yourself?"

"Isn't it fine? Please~"

Hearing Akemi's spoiled voice, my last bit of reason vanished.

With my slightly shaking hands, I began rubbing Akemi's body starting from her hand.

"Ahaha. Onee-chan, so ticklish~"

Mhm. How innocent. But this cute girl too, in another 5 years, is going to look at ugly and bald middle-aged men like me with cold eyes, huh.

I steeled myself and gently washed Akemi's chest, butt, and nether region.

Since I'll get nosebleed again if I look at them directly, I shifted my

vision away a little.

"Ahn..... Onee-chan, so ticklish~"

"S-Sorry. I'll be more gentle."

If I use even a little bit more power, Akemi's body will quiver and she gonna raise a complaint.

A girl's body sure is soft and delicate.

I somehow managed to finish washing her, and let out a sigh of relief, before pouring the hot water onto her.

"Then, this time it's my turn to wash!"

"Eh? Didn't you already washed my back?"

"Aren't your front have not? Now, give me that!"

Akemi snatched the sponge in my hand and began to wash my body starting from the feet without any reserve.

As her hand touched my butt, Akemi's shoulder hit my breast.

When the sponge went up to my butt, I reflexively leaked out a moan.

I hurriedly covered my mouth with my hand, but Akemi was already grinning.

"Onee-chan is so lewd~ How sensitive."

Akemi put down the sponge and dribbled the body soap to her hand, before mixing both of her hands.

"Wait Akemi, what're you doing?"

"What you ask, I'm just going to wash you~"

Akemi embraced me from behind and began to massage my breast.

An absurdly pleasant feeling ran through my spine, and I let out a small shriek.

My nipple turned hard, and my nether region became hot.

"Ahahaha. I found Onee-chan's weakness. Previously you never reacted like that though, why suddenly?"

"That's enough! That's enough, so let go of me! I'm going to be angry!"

Akemi said "Tch...." and let go of my body with a disgruntled face.

My heart was pounding.

I'm gonna lose myself if I get touched more than that.

This girl, there's a limit to how much you like your Onee-chan, you know.
Good grief.

Afterwards, we both soaked in the bathtub before finally leaving the bathroom.

Chapter 16: Diary

After dinner, I returned to my room.

When I nonchalantly opened a desk drawer, I discovered a notebook.

I flipped the pages around carelessly, what was written inside were thoughts of the day.

This is the diary Natsumi kept, huh.

As someone who have to act as her, I feel thankful.

Month O, Day X (Monday)

Today I went to the department store with Noriko, Keiko, and Miyu.

On the way, a guy from Shuurin High tried to flirt. He gave me his email address.

He wasn't my type, so although right there I said I'm going to mail him later, afterwards I immediately threw it away.

Miyu said it was a waste, but for a woman of my level, that kind of unfashionable guy is simply a bother.

For a girl like Miyu though, he might be a good fit.

Playing friend sure is tiring.

Month O, Day Δ (Tuesday)

Shuu-kun said he wanted to go out with me while keeping it secret from Noriko.

He wasn't really my type, but he was good enough to go out with me for a bit.

Besides, I wanted to get back at that plain girl Noriko who're so conceited despite her only good point was having rich parents.

When I mailed Shuu-kun my approval, he showed up in front of my house with high spirits and said things like "I like you" and such.

What an idiot.

Month O, Day □ (Wednesday)

That guy Komori gave me a purse as a present.

Even though I already told him that I like red, he still went and bought the light violet one.

So useless.

As my wallet, he should be doing his job properly.

I was annoyed, so I told him to stop talking to me for one week.

Reading the diary, I was dumbfounded.

No matter how you look at it, this neat and beautiful Natsumi had a rotten character.

Looking down on anyone, didn't trust anyone even those she called friends, using her look to manipulate others, and not considering anyone other than herself.

Her look was excellent, but the inside was nothing more than cesspool.

I closed the notebook, took a breath, and stared at the ceiling.

I feel like I somehow understand why I was put in this body.

“Yosh!”

I let out a determined yell.

I will make this Natsumi a girl with beautiful character just like her look.

I will turn her into a man among men, no, a woman among women.

To have a healthy heart, I'll cast aside any selfishness concealed within and devote myself for others.

I got reborn into this body after all.

Since that's the case, I'll love anyone from the bottom of my heart, I'll become a nice girl whom everyone will fall for!

I fell asleep as I was drown in burning excitement.

The next day.

I felt terrible since morning. My body was sluggish and my stomach suffered a never-ending pain.

I've heard few things about the second day of having a period, but this much was outside my expectation.

Having to undergo something like this once a month but still keeping their calm, women sure have amazing willpower.

My steps were heavy as I walked to the bus stop. Miyu was already there when I arrived.

She didn't even greet me and only gave a fleeting glance.

Must be because Noriko forbid her for talking to me.

'How can you ignore me if as a friend!' or so I wanted to scold her. But Natsumi herself actually made fun of her behind the scene. So I can't really blame her.

I stood in front of Miyu and lowered my head.

"Miyu, sorry. Previously I'm a horrible girl. Even though I always said I'm your friend, I got cocky because of my beautiful face and made fun of you in my heart."

Miyu looked at me with a surprised expression.

"W-What are you saying suddenly? Noriko already forbid me to talk to you. I'll get ostracized if we were to be seen talking, so please don't speak to me."

"Yeah. That's right. It's just, I want to apologize for deceiving you all this

time. I don't really think I would be forgiven. But I'm truly sorry for having detestable thoughts about you before. Thank you for being my friend until now."

I said so and left Miyu.

If Natsumi's soul ever come back to this body, it's troubling for having her friendship ruined, but continuing to deceive others is also not good.

I'll do whatever I think is right.

I get into the bus as it arrived. Miyu was one meter behind me.

Even though yesterday she immediately came to my side and refused to get separated at all.....

I don't know whether this is a trace of Natsumi's spirit or something, but it felt very lonely.

It was like a hole had been opened on my chest.

When I realized it, my tears was already flowing.

Natsumi's spirit is certainly not here, but it's possible that her body is the one who reacted to the loneliness.

I wiped the tears with my sleeve as to not get found out by Miyu.

When I opened my shoe locker after arriving at the school, a sharp, irritating smell attacked me.

My shoe locker was full of kitchen waste.

Haah, how malicious.

As I let out a wry smile, Maeda, whose teeth I cracked yesterday, silently came over with a garbage box and a broom on hand.

Then he swept the kitchen waste and put them into the garbage box.

"Maeda-kun, thank you."

"I-It's nothing. I just feel like cleaning, that's all."

So he wants to help a troubled girl, huh?

What, so this guy has his good point after all.

My indoor shoes had a weird stain on it, so I couldn't wear it.

Because of that, I decided to 'make use' of the slippers for visitor that was placed in front of staff room, and then went towards the classroom.

When I entered the classroom, Noriko, Keiko, and Miyu grinned broadly when they saw me.

Should I feel sad?

But well, first I have to apologize.

I left my bag on my seat and approached those three.

Yuuko who greeted me with a smile got surprised and grabbed my hand.

"Don't do it, Nacchan! Fighting is not good!"

"It's not like that, Yuuko-chan. I want to apologize to them."

"Eh? Will they accept you again? I see..... Right, Nacchan is more suited to that way. Being a good person who hang around with someone like me doesn't suit you."

"Nn? You're mistaken. It's not about that. I'll be right back so just wait a minute."

The three of them turned nervous when I approached.

Well, seeing how I acted yesterday, they probably afraid I'm going to hit them.

Noriko tried to act tough even though her face was stiff.

"W-What? Do you have a problem?"

"No, not at all."

"T-Then, please go away. You're being an eyesore."

Gah. What a brutal way of speaking. Completely mismatched with your beautiful look.

But well, she's not the consistent type to begin with.

I lowered my head in front of Noriko.

"I'm sorry. I've been a horrible girl until now. However now my heart had changed. I won't ask you to forgive my previous deed. But still, I want to apologize."

"Wanting to rejoin our group after all this time, isn't it too late? You, just stop that dramatic pose now!"

"You're mistaken. I don't want to rejoin your group. Say, was it Shuuichi? I've been going out with that guy. Even though I knew Noriko liked him, I still did that. Furthermore, I wasn't serious in the least. I just wanted to annoy you. I'm actually a nasty girl who deceive others because she get carried away by her good look. Thank you for being friend with someone like me even for just a moment. Ah, that's right, I haven't read Keiko's part. I only have read 2-3 pages of my diary after all. But probably I also insulted you just like Noriko and Miyu, so I'd like to apologize in advance. I'm sorry, Keiko. Well then, you're most likely getting angry now, so I'll excuse myself."

When I returned to my seat, Yuuko asked me hesitantly.

"Nacchan, Watasaki-san looked like she wanted to kill you. What did you say to her?"

"Nothing much. I only apologized. For deceiving her until now, that is."

"Why are you adding fuel to the fire? Wouldn't they not know if you just keep quiet?"

"Nn. Why I wonder. But you know, if I'm deceiving others wouldn't that mean I'm also deceiving myself? The person I respected was for sure, had an ugly look, and often get mocked by women. But he always said to not let your heart become ugly too. That's why I want to be honest with myself, and only do things that I truly believe as cool. Sure, he also had his share of failures, and his superior as well as his senior often glared at him, not to mention he still didn't get to be together with a woman until the end. However, he was blessed with a good friend and junior as a reward. I'm just the opposite. I've a good look, but my heart is really the worst. Even though people liked me because of my appearance, isn't

there no meaning if they loathe my personality? That's why, I want my heart to be beautiful as well."

Yuuko's eyes blinked in surprise.

"You know Nacchan, I've said this yesterday, but what you're saying is just like my Onii-chan. He isn't popular with women, but I really like him. He always help me if I'm getting bullied. Could it be that you actually know him?"

None of my junior is named Kishida though.

Well, my words were just second-hand opinion after all.

Yuuko's Onii-chan must be someone very warm.

"I don't think so. Your Onii-san practice Judo, right? The person I know practiced Karate."

"I see. So that's how it is. But, somehow it sure feels cool. I also want to be like that, though it's probably impossible."

Yuuko stuck out her tongue as she said that.

No Yuuko, you have your own good point as well.

"Yuuko-chan, even if you don't aim to be like that, you already have

plenty of good point. Aren't you amazingly kind? Even when people ridiculed your fatness, you didn't turn hateful and still be cheerful like now. Isn't that proof you're really strong? I respect you so much."

"Eh~? I'll get embarrassed if Nacchan said that~ So awkward~"

"Hihihi. Too much flattery?"

"Geez~ Stop teasing me~"

"Ahaha. Sorry sorry. I really think that though. I hope Yuuko-chan will stay kind forever."

Homeroom started after the teacher entered, but Komori still haven't show up.

"I'll start the homeroom. Get on your seat. The only one absent is Komori, huh?"

I raised my hand without thinking.

"What's wrong, Oono?"

"Why is Komori-kun absent?"

"His body is not too well. This morning his mother contacted me. Everyone too, take care of your body to not get cold from the weather."

My chest felt hurt. Does his condition caused by what I said yesterday?

Hmm. I wonder what should I do.

"Hey, Yuuko-chan, do you know where is Glasses-kun's house?"

"Komori-kun's house? Yes I do, since we were in the same middle school."

"I see. Can you take me there after school? I feel uneasy because of the things I've said yesterday."

"Alright. Let's go together."

Though my classmates other than Yuuko ignored me, they couldn't help but wonder.

Chapter 17: Uncool Guy

At the break time, I went to the toilet to replace my sanitary napkin.

There was an absurd amount of blood.

Am I sick or something?

My stomach also hurt more than yesterday. Somehow I felt anxious.

Afterwards I exited the toilet and walked back to the classroom.

It was then that someone called out to me.

I don't know his name, but he's someone from my class.

"Err, Oono-san, please don't think bad of me. I don't want to ignore you, but defying Noriko would have scary consequences. My feeling to Oono-san is actually..... You understand, right?"

Haah. This guy is so uncool.

He likes Natsumi, but since Noriko said so then it can't be helped?

Are you really a man?

"Let me see, what's your name again?"

"I-It's Shimokata! Shimokata!"

"Ah, okay. Shimokata-kun, don't you think you're uncool?"

"What do you mean?"

"Shimokata-kun likes me, right? Then if the girl Shimokata-kun likes get bullied, rather than being afraid of the consequences, shouldn't you be on her side?"

"No, that's why, that would be problematic....."

"I dislike cowardly guy like that. Please don't talk to me anymore. Good bye."

"Like I said, among Noriko's followers, there are Maeda and Hashimoto, right? It can't be helped to feel threatened by them!"

"It can't be helped you say..... Then, where no one is looking, you appeal to be my ally. Isn't that just being sly? You want to show your good face to everyone. Which girl would like a guy like that? Well, at the very least, rather than dislike, I really hate that kind of guy. Please don't come near me again."

"A-Anyone would do the same! Oono-san too, didn't you manipulate

Komori-kun for his money until just a while ago because you're afraid of Noriko and the others!? Is that really different from what I'm doing now?"

"Yeah yeah. It's me who's wrong this time. By all means, have it your way. After all, you won't change yourself whatever I say."

I left him with those words and returned to the classroom.

When I arrived, Yuuko was crying with her head lowered.

"Yuuko-chan, what happened?"

Yuuko shook her head.

That damn Noriko. Attacking me had no effect so she shifted her target.

Unforgivable.

Just as I about to visit her, Yuuko clung to my hand while still crying.

"It's nothing. It's nothing so...."

"It's clearly not nothing. Aren't you crying now?"

"It's fine. I'm all right. I'm already used to this after all."

How can you be all right when your eyes are so red?

Even though you're barely enduring the urge to run away.....

"Okay, I understand."

Afterwards, I stopped asking questions and went back to my seat.

When I glanced Yuuko's way, there was something written by a marker on her desk.

She was desperately trying to erase it with an eraser.

"Yuuko-chan, aren't we friends?"

"Y-Yeah...."

"Yuuko-chan, will you stay silent if I have a hard time?"

".....Revenge is not good."

"Who did this? Just tell me that."

"Ta-Takami-kun..... But it's fine. It's my fault for being fat....."

The culprit is a guy, huh. Then I can send him flying without reservation.

I can't do that if the culprit is a girl.

However, what should I do to prevent Yuuko from getting bullied?

I thought of that as I went through the remaining morning class.

Chapter 18: The Lunch Break Incident

I moved my chair to Yuuko's desk once the morning classes finished.

The guys started to mock us upon seeing that.

"What's with those two, so disgusting. Aren't they lesbians?"

"That should be true. Seeing how fast they get close to each other."

"So the reason Oono always rejected men is because she only like women?"

Provoked by one of the guys, the class began to jeer us as lesbians.

Haah. Highschoolers nowadays sure are childish.

Are they idiots?

Even though I was speechless, I paid no more attention at them and opened my lunchbox.

However, Yuuko was crying as her shoulder trembled.

I forgot. Unlike me, she's just an ordinary girl.

This kind of thing really hurt her.

I closed my lunchbox and stood up.

One of the guys made a ridiculing sneer.

"Err, what's your name again?"

His countenance changed upon hearing my words. His pride got damaged or what?

I really don't know his name though.

"It's Takami! Don't get conceited just because you're a bit cute!"

The crowd who supported him quieted down.

The class' atmosphere became tense.

I located Hashimoto whom I sent flying yesterday and beckoned him.

Hashimoto made an 'are you pointing at me?' pose in response.

Then he swiftly separated himself from the people around him as he approached me cautiously.

"W-What is it? Aren't I did nothing today?"

I confronted him on his face.

Hashimoto reacted by averting his face as he blushed.

I see, so he's interested in Natsumi, huh.

"Hashimoto-kun, do you like me?"

Hashimoto looked at me dumbfoundedly.

He gaped with his face really red.

Nahaha. What a silly expression.

"Hey, answer me. Do you like me or not?"

Hashimoto nodded as he gulped down his saliva.

Takami shook his shoulders.

"Hashimoto! Don't get seduced by her! Step aside! I'll knock her out!"

Hashimoto shook off Takami's hand and hit him in return.

Being hit by the heavyweight Hashimoto, Takami rolled on the floor.

"I won't be merciful on anyone who approached Natsumi!"

Oooh. So hot. Fighting for the girl you like.

This too, must be youth.

Well, I won't go out with him though. How bad of me.

"Uoooh!!"

Several people got knocked down by the currently on fire Hashimoto.

Then he kicked those who already fell again.

Oi oi. Are you some sort of soldier or what?

Go easy on them. Go easy.

Hashimoto finally stopped when I grabbed him with my hand. He was breathing heavily.

He looked at my face and displayed a bashful smile.

"Natsumi! I'll fight for your sake!"

I let out a sweet grin and drew close to Hashimoto. Then I stood on my tiptoe and kissed his cheek.

Hashimoto clutched his cheek and fell to his knees.

Oho, was it too much stimulus?

"As expected from Hashimoto-kun. So manly. So charming. But but, can you protect not just me, but Yuuko-chan as well? She's an important friend of mine. Please!"

Hashimoto raised his thumb with face full of smile.

Nice. Maeda is probably the only one who can defeat Hashimoto in this class. So Yuuko should be fine with him.

"Did you hear that, Yuuko-chan? Hashimoto-kun said he will protect you. Thank goodness."

As Hashimoto quietly went over to my seat, Noriko kicked a desk.

Her eyes were glaring.

"Hashimoto! Do you understand the consequences of going against me!?"

Hashimoto's composure vanished from his face and he lowered his head.

"Maeda! Give Hashimoto a lesson!"

Maeda detached himself from the crowd and approached Hashimoto.

"Hashimoto, sorry...."

Being hit by Maeda, Hashimoto could only grimace. He gritted his teeth and endured the strike.

Seeing that he didn't resist, it must be because they grasp his weakness, huh?

Hashimoto, I apologize for using you.

It was my fault that you're unable to do anything even with your strength.

Will Noriko be satisfied if I get hit? It's worth trying.

"Noriko! Aren't I the one you're angry with? Stop involving unrelated people!"

"What I'm angry with is that composure of yours! Why do you look like

you're above this! Hashimoto! Hit her! Quick!"

Hashimoto turned flustered.

I went to his side and whispered to his ear.

"I'm sorry for involving you. Just hit me, it's fine."

I stood in front of Hashimoto with my face pushing out.

"Hit her! Hashimoto! If you don't, I'll tell my papa to stop doing business with your place!"

I faced Hashimoto and nodded.

"S-Sorry."

Hashimoto closed his eyes and swung his fist to hit me.

Being hit by the heavyweight Hashimoto, I was blown away by 1 meter and struck a desk.

My eyes were prickling, and scenery seemed to shake.

This idiot, why didn't you go easy on me.

That wasn't a force to be used on a girl whose weight doesn't even reach half of yours.

I tried to stand up, but failed because I couldn't put any power on my legs.

Great. I wonder how many years ago the last I get to be like this?

Yuuko lent me her shoulder as she cried.

"Nacchan. Uuuu..... This is so cruel....."

Supported by Yuuko, somehow I managed to rise.

My cheek was throbbing hotly.

Something trickled from my nose.

I rubbed it with my hand. It was blood.

Did it break? My well-shaped nose?

Hashimoto looked at me as if he want to cry.

Don't worry about it. You didn't hit me because you wanted to.

With my feet unsteady, I rotated my upper body and turned at Noriko.

"Are you satisfied now?"

Noriko scowled at me for a while before leaving the classroom together with Keiko.

Hashimoto approached me and held my hand.

"Sorry, Natsumi. I-I....."

"I said it's fine. You didn't hit because you wanted to, right? Even yesterday, you were going easy on me, right? I understand your circumstances."

Other people in the classroom also left one by one.

Oooh. I sure is hated.

Supported by Hashimoto and Yuuko, I sat on a chair.

"I'm sorry. That was hurt, right?"

I gave Hashimoto a sidelong glance.

"Of course it's hurt. Aren't you a heavyweight? How many kilos are you again? I'm only 43 kilograms. You should be twice as heavy. You should've

adjust your power. But, well, that was a good punch.”

Hashimoto looked at me with a surprised face.

Yuuko who was crying until just now chipped in.

“Nacchan is not just beautiful, you know? She’s really tomboy as well.”

I giggled and puffed out my chest.

“Well spoken! I am someone who aim to be a woman among women after all.”

Hearing my mischievous words, both Yuuko and Hashimoto clapped their hands and laughed.

Somehow, it seems I’m friend with Hashimoto now.

“But, please stop being so rash. Getting your beautiful face ruined like this.....”

Yuuko poked my cheek that was hit.

Ache ran through my face and I grimaced.

“Yuuko-chan, it’s hurt! It’s already swollen after all. Why don’t we eat our lunch now together with Hashimoto? For the commemoration of our

friendship."

"O-Ou!"

At this moment, Maeda who was still in the classroom got near.

"Nn? Maeda-kun also want to eat together?"

"No, I don't. I only want to say you sure talk big even though you're just a woman."

"Haah? Are you trying to show off or what? Even though your face blushed when talking to me yesterday. Aren't you just interested in me?"

"N-No. That was because I do think Oono is cute. But don't tease me, okay? I'm bad with women. Please."

"All right. I also have to thank you for helping to clean the garbage this morning, huh."

Yuuko asked "Garbage?" as she tilted her head.

I giggled and shook my head.

Maeda swiftly left the classroom.

Hashimoto came back bringing a convenience store bag, smiling.

He descended to a chair and sat.

This guy sure is huge despite still a first year highschooler.

"Being able to eat lunch together with Natsumi, it's like a dream...."

"Fufu. Is that so? Ah, I'll say this first. Don't go hoping to be my boyfriend or anything."

From a smile, Hashimoto's face plummeted as if this world is going to end.

Arara. The way I said that was bad, huh.

"Err, it's not because I dislike you or anything. It's just currently I don't want to go out with anyone. That's why let's just be friends. Alright?"

Hashimoto closed his eyes and folded his arms to contemplate.

Isn't this good? Even I never had a female friend, you know.

But well, I understand what's going on in his head.

Friend -> Close friend -> More than friend but less than lover -> Lover

He must be thinking about that sort of naive schema.

In the past, I had such thoughts as well.

Well, I only had that kind of positive outlook until the first year of middle school though.

Hashimoto's breathing got rough and he nodded deeply.

"Alright! I'll become Natsumi's true friend from now on!"

Eh? This guy, he arbitrarily raised his rank by one.

"No, you don't. You're a friend. Friend. Nothing more."

Ara? He turned dejected once again. What an amusing guy.

"Look now, stop thinking about me and greet Yuuko-chan as well."

Hashimoto turned towards Yuuko and stretched out his hand.

"Ou. Please treat me well, chubby girl."

I smacked Hashimoto on his head.

"What are you thinking, calling a girl chubby? Pay more attention to

your words!”

“That hurts. I didn’t know you’re this stern, Natsumi. Even though you’re so cute.....”

“Nacchan, it’s fine. I’m chubby after all. My weight is 70 kilograms. So he wasn’t wrong.”

“Look now, why’re you belittling yourself like that again? You hear me? The person I know was even more miserable, you know? Even the old ladies around the neighborhood called him ugly, and his niece called him a monster. In his office, if he handed out some documents to a woman, she would use a disinfectant spray afterwards. When he caught a handbag snatcher, the police mistook him as the criminal. Nothing good ever happened to him. Aah, now I remember about it, I want to cry. Damn it. I sure was pitiful.”

“Nacchan, you’re talking about the person you respected again? Don’t cry, I’ll also get sad.”

When I wiped my tears with the handkerchief given by Yuuko, pain ran through once again.

I looked at Hashimoto and wanted to weep.

This rascal, he hit me so hard.

Somehow I got angry and smacked Hashimoto for the second time.

"It hurts. Natsumi, please stop....."

"You idiot! Anyway, you should be kinder to women! Think about Yuuko-chan's feeling before speaking, and go easy when you hit me! You hear that? Do you get it?"

"I get it. Besides, it's not like I wanted to hit you."

"Now that you mentioned it, why are you and Maeda-kun obey whatever Noriko says?"

"Aah. About that. Noriko's father has a lot of business, you see. My family sell sake, and the restaurants and bars owned by Noriko's father buy their sake from us wholesale. If our dealings are stopped, my family's store would probably go bankrupt, so I had no choice but to obey her. Moreover Natsumi, previously you were good friends with Noriko, right? Sometimes, I get to be together with you because of that, and that made me happy. But then I was suddenly told to ignore you, it was perplexing. As for Maeda, he should be in similar situation. His father works for Noriko's father."

"I see. So it's to not trouble your parents..... Pretty tough, huh."

"Yeah. I also thought this is no good, but what else can I do....."

Indeed.

If that's the case, I can't really blame them.

When their family's livelihood are on the line, of course they had to obey. And that's all because I went against her in the first place.

I smacked Hashimoto's shoulder.

His face became bewildered.

"Hashimoto, you have to stay strong. Quickly become an adult and make you father and mother happy. Parents will usually die before their child after all. When that happens, you can't be filial even if you want to."

"O-Ou. Somehow, Natsumi, you're acting like a geezer. That's pretty much what I'm thinking as well."

Yuuko agreed with Hashimoto.

"Yeah, I also think so. Nacchan sometimes acts unusually manly. The feeling is identical to what I get when I'm with my Onii-chan, even though he is 10 years older than me."

"Well, I hit my head in the accident after all. My memory become a bit strange because of that."

Afterwards, Yuuko, Hashimoto, and I eat our lunch while chatting happily.

TL Notes :

"Ou" is Hashimoto's way of saying yes. Sometimes you hear it in anime as well, said by a character like him. It seems to be his trademark so I just keep it as it is.

Chapter 20: Lecture

A week had passed since then.

I've been playing games with Komori after school, only returning home at 18.00.

"I'm home~"

As I took off my shoes, I noticed the shoes of my younger sister, Akemi.

She normally only come home at 20.00, so today she returned early, huh.

I went into my room on the second floor. Then, when I was changing my clothes, the door was knocked.

"Onee-chan, can I come in?"

Akemi opened the door slightly, peeking through the gap.

"Alright. Come in."

The jersey-wearing Akemi entered the room cautiously, before quietly sitting on the chair beside the desk.

I changed into a sweatshirt and sat down on the bed.

Akemi nervously looked at me with upturned eyes.

"You didn't have club activities today? You're faster than usual."

"Mn. A lot of people got influenza, so there will be no club activities for a week."

"Hmm. I see. Then, you must be itching to do some exercise? So, what's the matter? You have something to talk about, right?"

Akemi touched her short-cut hair for a while, then lifted her face with a determined look.

"The thing I'm going to talk about, please keep it a secret from Otou-san and Okaa-san, okay?"

"Very well. Onee-chan will keep this between us."

"You see..... Kazu-kun said he wanna kiss. The others told me I should just do it if I like him, but somehow I feel afraid..... What should I do?"

What did you sayyy!?! A middle schooler wanna kiss?

Even I had never kiss in my 36 years of life. How audacious.

"This Kazu-kun you're talking about, he's a classmate?"

"Mn. We're in the same class. He's really cool."

"Hmmn. Akemi, you like this Kazu-kun?"

Akemi slipped both her hands inbetween her legs and let out a shy laugh, "Tehehe."

Not good. This angel should not be tainted!

I have to protect her from the guys' crooked means.

"I-I like him. And Kazu-kun too, said he likes me as well."

"Akemi, you're being too ignorant about guys. Understand? Guys are always thinking about lewd things. If they can't do lewd things, they will calmly spout out lies to get it."

Akemi puffed her cheeks, showing a discontent expression.

"Kazu-kun isn't that kind of person. Onee-chan don't even know anything about Kazu-kun, so it's better if you don't speak whatever you want about him."

"Although I don't know Kazu-kun, I do know about guys. I'm sure, if you

allow him for once, his demand will escalate. He'd want to kiss you again and again, after that, he'd want to touch your breast, and your butt as well. Moreover, if you two go all the way, what'd you do if you get pregnant?"

"That wouldn't happen. Kazu-kun is a gentleman."

"A gentleman who'd press someone for a kiss?"

Akemi was at a loss for words.

"Do you see now? Kazu-kun is seeing you as a lust target. He can only think about lewd things."

"That might be so..... But just kissing should be fine right....."

"Absolutely not. A middle schooler wanting to kiss, is like ten years too early. Furthermore, you're going to be a third year in April, right? Should a student preparing for exam bother with that kind of stuff?"

"Tsk.... Fine fine. Even though, I want to learn how to kiss from Onee-chan...."

"Yeah yeah. If you understand, then we're done here. Onee-chan have a training to-..... Eh, what? Just now, what did you say?"

I blankly looked at Akemi who was about to stand up.

"Like I said, since Onee-chan is experienced, I thought I can learn how to kiss from you."

"H-How are we supposed to do that?"

"By you giving me a kiss, Onee-chan. Then I'd understand."

A kiss? She really said to give her a kiss, right?

That is to say, I'll give this pure girl whose short-cut hair really suited her, her first kiss?

W-What should I do? This kind of opportunity won't come twice, you know.

Would my inexperienced self finally get his first kiss?

No, wait. If a 36 years old man like me do that, wouldn't it be a crime?

My sense of justice won't allow it.

Alright. I'll refuse her. That's what I should do as a human.

By accident, I caught the sight of the mirror on top of the desk.

What was reflected is a beauty with a straight shoulder-long hair.

She has a refined look, with a crystal clear complexion.

Truly like a model.

That's right. The current me is a beautiful girl, huh.

And Akemi, is my younger sister.

It's just a girl teaching her younger sister how to kiss. There's nothing to feel guilty about.

When petticoats woo, of course I have to oblige.

Besides, it was she herself who asked for it.

"O..... O-O-O-O..... Okay. This experienced Onee-chan will give you a kiss, Akemi."

"Really? Hooray!"

I approached Akemi who was sitting on a chair, bent my body to a half-rising posture, and grabbed her shoulders.

"Onee-chan? Somehow, your eyes are scary."

"I-Is that so? Guys will be like this when they're about to kiss, you know? You have to get used to it from now."

"But, when we're kissing, wouldn't we close our eyes?"

"That's right. We close our eyes when kissing. But this time Onee-chan will open my eyes. I have to make sure Akemi's expression isn't strange, after all."

"Mn. I understand. From where should I close my eyes?"

"W-Well. F-From around ten centimeters, perhaps? Now, close your eyes."

Akemi closed her eyes. Her tender lips was already in front of me.

I gulped down my saliva. My hands and feet were shivering from the nervousness.

"Onee-chan, your hands are shivering. What a detailed acting."

"T-There won't be any meaning if it isn't like reality, right? That's why-"

A-Alright, I'll do it! I'll kiss her!

Not good. My breathing got too wild from the excitement.

If this continue, she'll laugh when my breath touch her.

Right, it'll be fine if I hold my breath.

Alright, only a little bit more until I reach her lips.

I got to the distance where I could feel Akemi's temperature, it was then there was a voice from below.

"The food is ready~ The two of you come down now."

Akemi quickly opened her eyes and grinned sweetly.

"The food is ready she said. Onee-chan, let's come down."

"T-True. Shall we go?"

Damn. If I knew it gonna be like this, I would've hurry with the kiss.

Wallowing in regret, I went to the first floor and eat my food.

Chapter 19: Cheer up!

After school, Hashimoto appeared as Yuuko and I were about to go to Komori's house.

"Natsumi, I want to go home together as well."

When I looked at Yuuko, she nodded.

Since she was okay with it, then going together with him should be fine.

Just to be sure, I tried to confirm about his relationship with Komori.

"Hashimoto-kun, we are going to Glasses-kun's house. You..... never bullied him, right?"

Yuuko supplemented my question.

"She's talking about Komori-kun."

"Aah, that guy." Said Hashimoto as he began to ponder.

"Komori..... is the one you usually call Wallet-kun, right? You changed it to Glasses-kun now? In my case, since Noriko used that guy just like she used me when she get provoked, I never bullied him. And besides, he might die if I hit him."

"Hmm. I see. Nice physique you have there. Hashimoto-kun, are you interested in martial arts? Like Karate for example."

"Karate? Isn't Karate weak? They'd be done if someone throw them down. Not interested."

What did you say? Even though you yourself get defeated by my slender arms using that very Karate! Don't go off running your mouth if you don't know anything!

"What's wrong Nacchan? Your face's scary."

Not good. I have to calm down. I'm an adult. How could something like this make me angry? It's just some brat's nonsense. I have to regain my composure.

"I-It's nothing, Yuuko-chan. Don't worry about it. By the way, in Karate, gloves is not used. So those people on TV who fight in close combat, they're prohibited from using moves like hand thrust or elbow strike. Attacking the opponent's eyes or crotch are prohibited as well. Karate is a martial art, not a sport, so they can't display their true power in most cases."

"Hee, Natsumi know a lot about martial art, huh. Yesterday you even took a good punch."

"Well, I've been practicing since elementary school after all. I can even do something like this."

I leaped on the spot, and did a front kick to break a tree branch 20 cm above my head. Hashimoto's eyeball jumped out, and he clapped. Fufufu. How was that? Aren't you surprised? Don't make fun of a Karate practitioner!

"Can you do it once more? Once again of that just now!"

Huh? What, he realized the charm of Karate now? Well, no choice, I'll do just that then.

But suddenly, Yuuko grabbed my hand and shook her head.

"Nacchan, don't do it. We are on the street, and your panties could be seen."

Grr. HASHIMOTO! This idiot! So his objective is to see my panties!

I struck Hashimoto's head.

"That hurts..... I mean, isn't it normal for a guy to be wanting to see the panties of the girl he likes?"

"YOU FOOL! It's embarrassing for a girl if her panties is seen! Go disappear and reflect on yourself!"

"Natsumi sure is strict....."

"Look now, Nacchan. Your speech turned rough once again. You have to pay attention."

Hashimoto look at me and grinned.

"Heeh..... Natsumi, you should reflect on yourself instead of finding other people's fault."

THIS RASCAL! Are you a kid or what!? Ugh, calm down, me. You're not on the same level with this kid 20 years younger than yourself.

I clenched my fists and controlled my anger.

I pressed the intercom that was attached to the gate of Komori's mansion.

[Excuse me, may I know who you are?]

"Ah, my name is Oono, I'm Komori-kun's classmate. Since Komori-kun was absent today, we were worried and decided to visit."

[Oh, my! Please come in!]

The door was unlocked automatically, and we entered the mansion.

"I wonder if that was Glasses-kun's mother? Somehow, she's really fired up?"

"If Natsumi come to my house, I'm sure my mother will be like that as well."

"For some reason I don't want to go your house, Hashimoto-kun."

"Whyyy.....? You can drink juice as much as you want in my house, you know?"

The color of Yuuko's eyes suddenly changed. Her breathing got wild as she grabbed Hashimoto's arm.

"Really? I can drink as much juice as I want?"

"Y-Yeah. I only said it for Natsumi though....."

"Why? If you're that stingy, Nacchan will hate you, you know!? Or perhaps, it'll be fine if I come with Nacchan? Hey, answer me!"

Hashimoto was being shaken up. While Yuuko is a good girl, her eyes changed when it come to food.

We arrived in front of the door with nameplate number 301 which had

Komori written on it, I pressed the bell and the entranceway opened.

"Oh, there are three of you, even! Please come in!"

The one who appeared, Komori's mother, quickly pulled me into the corridor. I was slightly bewildered and took off my shoes in a haste before passing it to Yuuko in the rear.

"For that kid to have his friends coming over! Moreover, two of them are girls! I'm so happy!"

With her, we cut through the living room and went straight to our destination.

"Shinichi, your friends have come to visit."

"Tell them to go home! I don't want to meet them!"

"What are you saying, Shinichi! A young lady this beautiful is coming to visit you, you know!"

Komori seems to be terribly hurt by what I said. How troubling.

No choice but to come again later, huh?

Thinking of that, I turned to Yuuko and Hashimoto. They also make a troubled expression.

"Meeting him now would be impossible, I guess. Let's just apologize and go home."

Seeing both of them nodded, I stood in front of the door.

"This is me, Natsumi. I'm sorry for being inconsiderate yesterday. Umm, it's okay if you don't want to talk to me, but please come to school. It'll be a waste if your attendance suffered just because of me. Well then, I'm going home."

Just as I separated from the door and lowered my head to Komori's mother, intending to leave, the door was opened with a clank.

What appeared was Komori in a sweatshirt. Unlike his usual timid self, he looked at me in a straightforward manner.

"Come in. Since you already took the trouble of coming here, at least drink a tea first."

"Is this really fine?"

"Yeah. Come in."

We entered the 8-tatami room with a bed, a desk, and a bookshelf in it.

The top of the bookshelf was decorated by a lot of action figures.

So Komori has this kind of hobby, huh?

Beside the bed there was a 32-inch TV, and below it there were a recording device and several game console.

"Awesome! Isn't this PP4? And this is Saraan! Uoh. You even have 2DO!"

Yuuko leaked out a sigh when she saw the action figures, while Hashimoto was holding an air gun and feeling it.

"Aah, geez! Don't touch it as you please!"

"Komori my boy, isn't this fine?"

I understand Hashimoto's feelings.

For a boy, Komori's room is a pile of treasures.

Yuuko took a manga out of the bookshelf and started flipping through it before suddenly letting out a shriek.

"Stop! Don't read that!"

When I picked up the book Yuuko dropped, Komori hastily snatched it and hide it behind his back.

A-ha. So it was something lewd, huh?

Contrary to his docile look, he's a pervert.

"Stop doing these things already! You didn't come here for that, did you?"

Ah, that's right. I came here to apologize. Completely forgot about that.

I lowered my head to Komori who was sitting on the bed.

"Glasses-kun, so it's like this. I'm sorry for being inconsiderate yesterday. It was my fault for thoughtlessly telling you to be strong. Even though when you're being bullied, you didn't retaliate, and still come to school properly. Compared to me who instantly retaliate, you're amazing, Glasses-kun."

Komori watched me motionlessly and bit his lips.

"Even I understand that going on like this is bad. It's not just one or two times that I get to be made fun of and have my money get taken! But, I'm afraid. When I thought about getting hit, I couldn't help but be afraid! What could've I done with this body? Please, tell me! What should I do? What should I do to be strong!"

Komori shed his tears.

Right, of course the person being bullied is the one who feel bitter the

most.

He was struggling and suffering, enduring without anyone supporting him.

I hugged Komori tightly. His tears fell into my blazer, making it wet.

"Glasses-kun. It was tough, huh. It was painful, huh. You can cry if you want to. As much as you like."

Komori was weeping while I caressed his head.

He was like myself in the past. Everyone disliked me, even my parents and siblings were no exception.

I didn't know what to do, and could only grieve, crying everyday.

That was in my primary school period. I haven't meet Karate back then.

So right now, his pain and bitter feelings, I really understand it.

After 10 minutes, Komori had finally calmed down.

I lifted his head and scooped his tears.

"Please listen to my story, even for just a bit.

"You know, among my acquaintances there's someone who's ugly, and everyone disliked him. His neighbors looked like they want to scream upon seeing him, and even his parents as well as siblings didn't like him.

"When he was a child, he always wondered why he was disliked and ridiculed, as he didn't even do something wrong. However, it was only at the upper grades of primary school that he finally understood. It was because of his own ugly face.

"As a result, he often thought that maybe it was better for his unsightly self to die.

"But, his life changed ever since he met a certain person.

"He also got to know Karate. And so, his self that never had any dream finally had something to obsess and pursue wholeheartedly in the form of Karate.

"His strength grew way beyond average, and he had a determination. Even though his outward appearance was awful, he has to be a wonderful person inside. A man among men, or so he said.

"Albeit he never did has a success with women, he was able to make male friends in the end."

Tears were streaming down my cheeks. My chest tightened hard from the pain. And my feeling of wanting to help Komori soared.

"Is he..... Natsumi-san's Onii-san?"

"No. He's not, but he was someone I'm really close to."

"Was?"

"Right. When saving a child from a fire in a building, his feet got broken and his head got hit by something, killing him. Ahahaha. Wasn't that stupid?"

I grabbed Komori's face with my hands.

Then, I quietly brought my face near.

Eh? What am I trying to do?

I wonder why? It's strange. It's like I'm not really myself.

Komori closed his eyes and pushed out his mouth.

I was taken aback and realized something.

Could it be..... I'm trying to kiss him?

What am I thinking? Isn't the other party a man?

No, currently I'm a woman. So, this is just normal?

But, it's not like I like Komori or anything.

A cheer up-kiss then?

Not good. What am I thinking?

I shook my head and stopped Komori's lips with my finger.

Komori thought that he was going to be kissed, so now his face turned red, and his breathing got rough.

Before releasing my finger, I looked at the direction of Yuuko and Hashimoto and mouthed a 'be quiet' to them. Then, I finally released my finger.

"How is it? Are you cheered up now? Today is special, you know."

As Komori nodded, blood started to spill from his nose.

I passed him the box of tissue that was in the room.

A sound of knocking was heard from the door, followed with Komori's mother coming in with coffees and cakes on hand.

"Truly, thank you very much. Please come by often."

Her eyes were red. It seems she was eavesdropping earlier.

We ate the cakes.

Afterwards, the four of us played games excitedly.

After returning home, I absentmindedly thought as I lie on the bed.

Just what was the mysterious feeling I got in Komori's house?

That time, I tried to kiss Komori although I don't even like him.

When I saw the crestfallen Komori, somehow I got a heartrending impulse to encourage him.

Were it the previous me, I would've just vigorously smack him on the head and tell him to cheer up.

I fell asleep as I was drown in the endless explanations I conjured.

TL Notes :

PP4 = PS4, 2DO = 2DS, but what does Saraan (サラーン) is supposed to be?

Chapter 20: Lecture

A week had passed since then.

I've been playing games with Komori after school, only returning home at 18.00.

"I'm home~"

As I took off my shoes, I noticed the shoes of my younger sister, Akemi.

She normally only come home at 20.00, so today she returned early, huh.

I went into my room on the second floor. Then, when I was changing my clothes, the door was knocked.

"Onee-chan, can I come in?"

Akemi opened the door slightly, peeking through the gap.

"Alright. Come in."

The jersey-wearing Akemi entered the room cautiously, before quietly sitting on the chair beside the desk.

I changed into a sweatshirt and sat down on the bed.

Akemi nervously looked at me with upturned eyes.

"You didn't have club activities today? You're faster than usual."

"Mn. A lot of people got influenza, so there will be no club activities for a week."

"Hmm. I see. Then, you must be itching to do some exercise? So, what's the matter? You have something to talk about, right?"

Akemi touched her short-cut hair for a while, then lifted her face with a determined look.

"The thing I'm going to talk about, please keep it a secret from Otou-san and Okaa-san, okay?"

"Very well. Onee-chan will keep this between us."

"You see..... Kazu-kun said he wanna kiss. The others told me I should just do it if I like him, but somehow I feel afraid..... What should I do?"

What did you sayyy!?! A middle schooler wanna kiss?

Even I had never kiss in my 36 years of life. How audacious.

"This Kazu-kun you're talking about, he's a classmate?"

"Mn. We're in the same class. He's really cool."

"Hmmn. Akemi, you like this Kazu-kun?"

Akemi slipped both her hands inbetween her legs and let out a shy laugh, "Tehehe."

Not good. This angel should not be tainted!

I have to protect her from the guys' crooked means.

"I-I like him. And Kazu-kun too, said he likes me as well."

"Akemi, you're being too ignorant about guys. Understand? Guys are always thinking about lewd things. If they can't do lewd things, they will calmly spout out lies to get it."

Akemi puffed her cheeks, showing a discontent expression.

"Kazu-kun isn't that kind of person. Onee-chan don't even know anything about Kazu-kun, so it's better if you don't speak whatever you want about him."

"Although I don't know Kazu-kun, I do know about guys. I'm sure, if you

allow him for once, his demand will escalate. He'd want to kiss you again and again, after that, he'd want to touch your breast, and your butt as well. Moreover, if you two go all the way, what'd you do if you get pregnant?"

"That wouldn't happen. Kazu-kun is a gentleman."

"A gentleman who'd press someone for a kiss?"

Akemi was at a loss for words.

"Do you see now? Kazu-kun is seeing you as a lust target. He can only think about lewd things."

"That might be so..... But just kissing should be fine right....."

"Absolutely not. A middle schooler wanting to kiss, is like ten years too early. Furthermore, you're going to be a third year in April, right? Should a student preparing for exam bother with that kind of stuff?"

"Tsk.... Fine fine. Even though, I want to learn how to kiss from Onee-chan...."

"Yeah yeah. If you understand, then we're done here. Onee-chan have a training to-..... Eh, what? Just now, what did you say?"

I blankly looked at Akemi who was about to stand up.

"Like I said, since Onee-chan is experienced, I thought I can learn how to kiss from you."

"H-How are we supposed to do that?"

"By you giving me a kiss, Onee-chan. Then I'd understand."

A kiss? She really said to give her a kiss, right?

That is to say, I'll give this pure girl whose short-cut hair really suited her, her first kiss?

W-What should I do? This kind of opportunity won't come twice, you know.

Would my inexperienced self finally get his first kiss?

No, wait. If a 36 years old man like me do that, wouldn't it be a crime?

My sense of justice won't allow it.

Alright. I'll refuse her. That's what I should do as a human.

By accident, I caught the sight of the mirror on top of the desk.

What was reflected is a beauty with a straight shoulder-long hair.

She has a refined look, with a crystal clear complexion.

Truly like a model.

That's right. The current me is a beautiful girl, huh.

And Akemi, is my younger sister.

It's just a girl teaching her younger sister how to kiss. There's nothing to feel guilty about.

When petticoats woo, of course I have to oblige.

Besides, it was she herself who asked for it.

"O..... O-O-O-O..... Okay. This experienced Onee-chan will give you a kiss, Akemi."

"Really? Hooray!"

I approached Akemi who was sitting on a chair, bent my body to a half-rising posture, and grabbed her shoulders.

"Onee-chan? Somehow, your eyes are scary."

"I-Is that so? Guys will be like this when they're about to kiss, you know? You have to get used to it from now."

"But, when we're kissing, wouldn't we close our eyes?"

"That's right. We close our eyes when kissing. But this time Onee-chan will open my eyes. I have to make sure Akemi's expression isn't strange, after all."

"Mn. I understand. From where should I close my eyes?"

"W-Well. F-From around ten centimeters, perhaps? Now, close your eyes."

Akemi closed her eyes. Her tender lips was already in front of me.

I gulped down my saliva. My hands and feet were shivering from the nervousness.

"Onee-chan, your hands are shivering. What a detailed acting."

"T-There won't be any meaning if it isn't like reality, right? That's why-"

A-Alright, I'll do it! I'll kiss her!

Not good. My breathing got too wild from the excitement.

If this continue, she'll laugh when my breath touch her.

Right, it'll be fine if I hold my breath.

Alright, only a little bit more until I reach her lips.

I got to the distance where I could feel Akemi's temperature, it was then there was a voice from below.

"The food is ready~ The two of you come down now."

Akemi quickly opened her eyes and grinned sweetly.

"The food is ready she said. Onee-chan, let's come down."

"T-True. Shall we go?"

Damn. If I knew it gonna be like this, I would've hurry with the kiss.

Wallowing in regret, I went to the first floor and eat my food.

